

Concerning Greta Greer

Part I.

IN WHICH AN UNUSUAL WOMAN DISTURBS THE PEACE OF THE SHIP'S DOCTOR

By Madge Macbeth

Illustrated by Elisabeth Telling

IT was not the unusual name that attracted him. Dr. Dare was quite sure of that. It was something infinitely more subtle and elusive—something which baffled and defied explanation—something which simply was.

Greta Greer! It had drawn his notice at once, as he had idly run his eyes along the ship's list at his plate. In ordinary type it appeared, well down among the G's, and yet it had the effect of being in capitals, or perhaps in raised letters, such as one sees in the quaint books for the blind. His eyes roved about the ship's dining-room, in search of the owner of that curious name. Somehow he felt certain that a psychic attraction would draw his eyes to hers.

Greta Greer! He started, realizing that he had spoken the words aloud, and glanced covertly at the man on his right. But this individual was intent on the menu, heart and soul, and doubtless would continue his absorbed perusal, even though the magic name were shrieked discordantly into his hairy and bulbous ear. The glittering lady on Dare's left seemed equally oblivious. Registering a vow to keep his thoughts to himself in future, he resumed his survey of the women in the room, estimating and wondering if any of them could be Greta Greer.

But the feminine passengers seemed totally unattractive. Even the women

at the captain's table, where one might expect to find a *rara avis*, were all commonplace and disappointing like the rest. He applied himself to his dinner, and had finished his fish when the captain rose ceremoniously in salutation to a belated diner, and turned her chair—beside his own.

arranged the glittering shoulder straps of her royal purple gown with the conscious look of one who wished to be noticed yet appear quite ignorant of it; the two men opposite, Judson and Hobson by name, of the amorous type who like to number their yearly flirtations in figures of three or more, gaped unaffected astonishment; and from behind Dare glided a tall woman in clinging green, leaving a suggestion of incense in her wake.

The captain murmured the conventional words of introduction, the people at his table bowed in turn as the woman included them all in a politely indifferent inclination of her head, and turned her attention to the menu.

All at once conversation was resumed. There was a buzzing and a chattering as though some spell had been lifted. Each person seemed glad that his neighbor had been affected similarly to himself, and there was a good deal of forced laughter. Dare drew a short, sharp breath—this was Greta Greer!

Ellis Dare was travelling for his health, although he would have scorned and refuted that statement as a reason for his departure from arduous work. Strictly speaking, the term was incorrect, for if a perfect physique, a steady eye, and clear, clean skin betoken health, he had first claim to it. In fact, he had never lost the look of the



THERE FLASHED ON DR. DARE'S MENTAL VISION AN IMAGE OF THE THIEF, PURSIVELY HANDLING THE STOLEN JEWELS.

The doctor was conscious of a stir throughout the saloon, of a cessation from speaking and from eating. The epicure at his right held a heavily-laden fork poised in air; the scintillating lady on his left sat stiffly erect and

young Greek god which used to be the subject of so many gibes in his college days, but mentally, he was unstrung, and he had, in the idea of changing his associations, shipped as doctor on a big liner plying between Montreal and Liverpool.

The science of medicine, which pertained to the administration of drugs never had, and never could, appeal to him. The lozenge and pellet habit filled him with impatience; he even escaped the microbe fad and germ fever! Likewise, disease in its accepted form—the measles or the whooping cough—was an uninteresting study to him; but medical science as applied to the psychological phases of the human mind took so great a hold upon him, and led him into such mazes of research and experiment, that a rest became imperative.

Constant probing into hallucinations, occult science, and criminology of motive, rather than performance, caused his own imagination to play him strange tricks, and he lost that keenness of insight which was necessary for a critical and impartial judgment of the cases brought to him. He arrived at the stage where everything depended upon the point of view. The world of reality was less real than that of imagination, of fancy; he began to find it difficult to distinguish the line which divided those creatures of blighted faculty, who are carefully removed from contact with the world, from those who roam at large, and are called sane.

He found himself listening attentively, even deferentially, to a woman who

fancied herself one of the Graeiae and implored him as Perseus to return her eye and tooth that she might live. Her absolute conviction, her exhaustive knowledge of the mythical age in which she supposed herself to exist, and above all, her candor, free from every affectation, ruse, and the palpable artificialities with which women of her class surrounded themselves, interested and charmed Dare. Perversely and fretfully he heard the hectic complaints of a woman of fashion and nerves. He listened with total lack of sympathy and understanding to the murmurings, imperfectly veiled, against her husband, her friends, her servants. He scoffed at her openly when, with limpid, tear-laden eyes, she told him of the longings which beset a woman with a heart, and one who is reduced to a Japanese sleeve dog as an outlet for her pent emotions.

"What would dear Dr. Dare recommend?"

"Forgetfulness of self," he answered shortly, "and a good, long term of earnest work among people who see life at its neap and its flood tides!"

In the doctor's opinion the position of these two women should have been reversed—one was harmless in her belief, in her life; when humored slightly she was simply happy, shedding an atmosphere of contentment around her, wholly appealing in her sweet womanliness. The other—no amount of humoring could lift the pall of discontent with which she enveloped herself and those about her. She sought tirelessly a phantom happiness. Daily, she

committed crimes against herself and her household in thought, word and deed, and yet she was at large and was called sane!

But the man went a step further than this—he exonerated many of those whom the world calls criminals, by reason of the *motive* for their crimes, and he branded men of his acquaintance as transgressors against moral and religious laws for tolerating weaknesses in themselves, even though such failings were not punishable by execution in the eye of the law.

He studied Nero, Napoleon, Robespierre, Lorenzo di Medici and the powerful Catherine, finding much to interest him in their sinister acts of cruelty, from which he did not shrink, all because of the great underlying and controlling motives; and he did not share the optimistic view of some who tell us that the world is falling upward.

Crimes of to-day which went unpunished, were, to him, more utterly revolting and gruesome than those of two hundred years past, which now fill the average reader with unspeakable horror; criminals to-day who walk through life with a brand burned into their souls are in very many instances worthy of a reinstalling in society, and are bitterly sinned against in being scorned and shunned by their fellow men. Dare grew to have a gigantic respect for the man or woman who set a task and accomplished it, regardless of what its fulfilment involved, and realizing that this attitude was too much at variance with accepted standards to gain anything but ridicule and contempt, and that it only tended to warp his judgment in the cases brought to him, he decided to rest for a year and try to see life through more ordinary glasses. No crime, however gruesome, was revolting to the doctor once he found a motive for it, and instead of calling criminals insane, as the law and private individuals often urged him to do, he usually found them quite rational beings whose actions were consistent with a very sober and earnest reasoning. More or less consciously he always told himself,

"There, but for the grace of God, goes Ellis Dare!"

CHAPTER II.

As the last passengers arose from their tables, the captain whispered something to Greta Greer, and she, answering indifferently, turned her face full to Dr. Dare, standing aside to allow the gleaming Mrs. Threkmeyer to pass. This person had kept up a desultory conversation with Dare over her cheese and coffee, having an object in view, and he had tolerated her banalities for the reason that he recognized and shared her object—



"DO YOU KNOW ANYTHING ABOUT IT?" SHE ASKED HOARSELY

that of obtaining a better look at Miss Greer.

Inwardly, Mrs. Threckmeyer wondered with a woman's pique why so cold and indifferent a person as Miss Greer should interest the alive and sympathetic young physician beside her, and Dare wondered why a woman of Miss Greer's highly patrician type should hold anything of interest to her diametric opposite, Mrs. Threckmeyer.

The girl was wonderful to look at; she was as tall as Ellis Dare, himself—quite above the average—and perfectly inconsistent in her make-up. She was too thin about her neck and throat, her arms were slender to leanness, and her hands were so unusually long, that when idle they had the appearance of curling up so as to require less room. But her bust was full, her back broad and straight, and she had no hips. She had blue black hair, straight and heavy, which she wore in classic coils close to her small head, her eyelashes were beautifully curled, her brows were so slight and fine they seemed to cast no shadow upon her eyes, which were a cat-like, uncanny green, and to make the effect more startling, the pupil appeared to cut the iris of her eyes in half by drawing itself into a thin, perpendicular line. Her skin was a dead white, against which the scarlet of her lips stood out strongly. She had a mole just under the curve of her chin. Long jade ear-rings hung pendent from her little ears and she wore no other jewels.

Her manner in turning to Dare was just short of well-bred insolence as he stepped forward in answer to the captain's signal. He felt as though he had been summed up, in that one comprehensive glance. Whether or not he had been found wanting, it was impossible to ascertain at the moment. The captain introduced him.

Greta Greer did not shake hands, but her bow was not as frigid as her previous attitude might have presaged.

"And there's me, Captain Myles, don't forget me!"

The three standing at the captain's table were almost startled at the unexpectedness of the interruption; they had forgotten Mrs. Threckmeyer.

"Pleased to meet you," the lady gushed, making it impossible for her fat and shiny little hand to be ignored. "Very pleased, I am sure. I say to myself as soon as you walked into the room—there's a girl after my own heart! She knows a good piece of jade when she sees it. Do you like malachite too?"

"Very much," answered Greta Greer, in what seemed like a rather husky though not unpleasant voice, for one with so long a throat. She was practically cornered with a man



INSTEAD OF LAUGHING AT THE DOCTOR'S HALF SERIOUS TWEDE, THE GIRL DREW A LONG BREATH AND TURNED FULL TOWARD DARE, HER PECULIAR GREEN EYES GLOWING.

on either side of her and the voluble Mrs. Threckmeyer in front.

"I am sure you do! Green suits you, don't it? Now, I have about the finest collection of malachite in Canada, though I don't often wear it. It's Sol's fault—my husband, you know. He loves bright things, and he says diamonds are more my style! Do you know Solomon Threckmeyer? No? Ain't that funny? I must tell him that here I have met three people who don't know him! He says he can't go into a hotel from coast to coast without hearing his name shouted out the minute he steps up to register! Would you like to see my jade, Miss Greer?"

"Very much," answered the girl with the same tone in her voice one notices when a woman perfunctorily and untruthfully declares that she is

"very fond of children, very!" "But I think I should like a turn on deck now, thank you, Dr. Dare," and with an ungracious sweep, she passed close to Mrs. Sol Threckmeyer and out of the door-way, the doctor following immediately.

The walk had a peculiar effect upon Dare and gave him food for thought in his cabin later.

With the rampant passion for dissecting everything and looking for the abnormal he commenced the moment they were free from Mrs. Threckmeyer and her oppressive burden of jewels to ask himself what manner of woman was this Greta Greer, that she should hold him immediately in such a thrall. She was not the sort of person one could know casually, nor was she born

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Mine, Miner, Minus!

HOW WILLIAM AND I FACED THE
FURIES AND UPHELD OUR
AUTHORITY AS A MAN
AND A VICE-PRES-
IDENT

By Emily F. Murphy

Author of "Getting Experience at
Woodbine," "Open Trails," etc.

Illustrated from Photographs



WHERE YOUR WINTER'S COAL COMES FROM—A MINER AT WORK IN THE SEAM

*Till dazzled by the drowsy glare,
I shut my eyes to heat and light.
And saw, in sudden night,
Crouched in the dripping dark,
With steaming shoulders stark
The man who heaves the coal to feed my fire.*
Wilfred Wilson Gibson.

SOLON once told Croesus that whoever had the iron would possess all the gold, but here Solon was taking coal for granted. Iron mines are of comparatively little value unless coal mines are within easy access. I think of this as I view the underground "workings" of a coal mine to-day and of how our royal land of Canada has both minerals in immeasurable quantities. In this Province of Alberta alone there is so much coal to burn that its fire would glow for a million years. Looking at this sheer face of coal twenty feet in height, I must perforce recall Oliver Wendell Holmes' remark that he was not at all nervous about a certain comet which threatened to destroy the earth for there was so much coal in the world he couldn't bring himself to believe it had been made for nothing.

In time past, it was said hereabout that coal mining did not pay; that the profit of the industry lay in its "higher mathematics," by which was meant the formation of companies and the disposal of bonds and stocks. The primary work of the "Coal Barons," it was further declared, consisted in laying up treasures on earth for themselves, leaving the share-holders to find reward in heaven. The "suckers" who purchased stock were said to have gone through the comparative degrees of "mine, miner, minus." They were "the bitten."

From the uppermost appearance of

things, these remarks would seem to be warranted, particularly as the true westerner has always something to sell and has even been known to lie about it. But a closer and more careful study of affairs shows that in this grim game the mine owners received neither the honors nor the tricks, that is unless you are disposed to count the chicane as one. Often in their futile efforts to bolster up the exchequer of the company, the barons have sacrificed their private fortunes so that their titles may with entire propriety be spelled "barrens." It was one of these men who feelingly remarked, "When a man's affairs in this province go rocky, you may safely reckon on coal being the rock."

But now that the seven lean years of coal are over and the fat ones are well begun; now that coal as a revenue producer is only second to Mother Wheat, we can with calmer and more unbiased judgment consider the causes which have hitherto been responsible for its "outrageous fortune."

Perhaps the commonest cause of failure has been the lack of adequate capital. The president's chair in a coal company is no place for empty pockets. To operate his mine successfully he requires money in a large way. He must—so to say—have money at any price. The initial outlay is large; the carrying expenses heavy; the unexpected demands many. Hitherto, this capital has not been readily forthcoming. Investors have preferred to buy town lots rather than industrial stocks. In older and more settled communities the opposite condition prevails. On the other hand, coal on the cars is cash. The mine operator

takes his bill-of-lading to the bank and draws up to two-thirds of its face value. This enables him to meet his fortnightly pay-bill and general mining expenses for two or three years, until sufficient "rooms" have been made in the workings of the mine. He cannot expect it to do more; but, in the meanwhile, there is development work to be done and development work is expensive. The "entries" or hallways off which the rooms open are costly to drive and they must be beamed with great timbers held in place by tree trunks. Initial surveys have to be made and expert superintendence paid for. It is for such work the president requires ready money and free money. He cannot possibly make his working expenses cover those of development, in that the same managing staff is required to handle a small output as a large one. The same is applicable to the engines and hoisting machinery.

The second cause which has hitherto hindered successful operations has been lack of railway facilities and lack of a steady market. Emerson has defined commerce as taking things from where they are plentiful to where they are needed. Coal is plentiful; and that it is needed in the Canadian West we need hardly remark; but that it could not be carried needs explanation. For several years our railways were lamentably short of equipment so that the mines had frequently to close down for days, or even weeks, their bunkers being entirely inadequate for storage purposes. This meant a severe loss to the mines in that their men and machinery stood idle and that lucrative contracts had to be cancelled. Probably no industry has suffered so keenly from car shortage as that of coal mining. The only people who have received windfalls from this regrettable state of affairs were the dishonest yardmasters who, unknown to the railway officials, did a secret but withal

brisk business with the rival coal companies that bid for cars. It took a goodly slice off the profits of each car of coal to grease the large palm of the yardmaster. And who in this pushful, practical age has ever heard of a car's spotter in the railway yards buying a ton of coal?

The plethora of his coal bin is more to the credit of his wits than his morals. My mind is fully established in this thing; as a grafter he is the perfected article.

It may, however, be said in excuse for the car shortage that the demand for coal cars synchronized with that of wheat, the rush for both being in the autumn and early winter. At first, the pioneer coal dealers in the villages and towns throughout the west had neither the buildings wherein to store fuel nor the money to permit of their purchasing it, so that orders were seldom given until cold weather had actually set in. While this condition of affairs still leaves something to be desired, the dealers have had several salutary lessons and are, as a generality, becoming much more forehanded. The population of the west has also increased so vastly during these latter years, that the demand on the dealers, and accordingly on the mines, has gradually become steadier till at last, the industry rests upon the well-settled foundation of a regular demand, a regular supply, and a dependable railway service. In other words, it fulfils the three conditions laid down in Emerson's definition of commerce.



A COAL MINE IS NOTHING MUCH TO LOOK AT FROM THE OUTSIDE

A third difficulty which confronted mine operators, was the securing of experienced miners. The supply was distinctly inadequate, so that "green hands" had to be engaged—homesteaders who wanted to earn money during the winter, newly arrived immigrants who took the first job which came to hand; and farm laborers who came west to take off the harvest and decided to stay in the country. These men, while they came under the union

scale of wages, were unable to do little else for the first winter than spoil their shots of dynamite, cave in the roofs, and blow out the timbers. The mine operator, however, rarely became disheartened so long as the green man didn't blow off his own head, for in this case the operator would be called upon by the courts to pay staggering damages to the miner's heirs under the compulsion of an extraordinary statute known as the Laborer's Compensation Act.

But now, in these days of grace, owing to the investment of British and foreign capital, the unskilled man has been superseded by electric drillers and cutters—in a word, modern methods are being used in our mines with the result that we have fewer accidents and losses. This application of machinery to the industry has also brought about a maximum of output with a minimum of expenditure. The development work can be done with more speed and less expense, so that the old disabilities under which western operators had to labor will soon be cancelled out of memory.

While the application of machinery to mining must indubitably minimize the probability of strikes, the operators must be prepared to reckon with these until the arrival of a time when "throwing down their tools" will cease to be the chief occupation of miners. It is hard to account for this irresponsible vagary, unless it be that they receive twice as much pay as other workmen. Or it may be that they make a fetish of the union, in which respect they resemble certain stupid people in the southern seas who have a worm as their god and are wont to sacrifice oxen to it.



THE MAIN ENTRY OF A COAL MINE AND THE CAR THAT TAKES THE COAL TO ITS DESTINATION

Now, miners on strike are persons of no very marked refinement, neither are they given to logic. What Tennyson says of the Light Brigade is most applicable here—"Theirs not to reason why."

When you meet real strikers nothing counts. You may do everything which instinct, invention or despair can suggest, except descending to vulgar invective, yet without the slightest tangible result. No matter how smoothly their employer may speak to them, they are suspicious of him or her. The intervention must always come from a third party. These men are the latter-day exponents of the old rule laid down by Dean Swift for the better direction of servants, "Quarrel with each other as much as you please, only always bear in mind that you have a common enemy, which is your Master and Lady."

To find yourself facing a square of irate strikers is to feel yourself very thin, very colorless, and amazingly inexperienced. It is to wonder at the rudeness of their speech, the largeness of their mouths, and to speculate in a Christian way as to just what screw is loose in their mental make up.

I know this to be the way of it, for once we had a strike in a mine which I, with a strutting but misguided assurance, imagined to be the property of our family. Owing to a former superintendent having entered into an agreement with the union, I learned we were holding the mine co-operatively and that I could not dismiss the men either individually or collectively.

The trouble happened in this wise:—The president being absent for several months, it fell to me, as vice-president, to hold the reins. By reason of the facts that the seam of coal was pinching thin; that the miners were receiving one-third more than any others in the locality, and that we were producing on a falling market, we found we were losing nearly one hundred dollars a day. The superintendent invited the miners to discuss the matter without prejudice. They did not disallow the correctness of his contention, but refused to consider a reduction of their wages. They were content to stand by their side of the agreement and would see to it that the company did the same. And here I showed a lack of discretion in allowing this matter to be discussed, for while failing to deduce that it was highly preposterous to kill the goose who laid the golden egg, they still had the penetration to see that in closing down the mine "because of lack of orders," my primary object was to nullify the agreements. Nothing could express their unmeasured contempt of the vice-president and they left me under no misapprehension as to their opinion of me. They ac-

cused me of "playing" them and, being guilty of the offence, I was naturally offended at the accusation. Still, I declined to be led into further discussion, or to recriminate in kind, so that ultimately I came to feel strong as one does who is intentionally weak before his enemy. There was nothing for it. The miners had to walk out, all except the engineers who pumped the water from the sump. Now, the night engineer had a face so wicked that he might all his life have been stoking furnaces in the underworld, and he it was who permitted the men to enter the shaft and put a stick in the valve of the pulsometer so that the mine became flooded and several entries caved in.

I was quite as angry as my temperament allowed and it would have given me much satisfaction to have killed them for, after all, this is a most effective method of getting rid of your enemies. It was, nevertheless, no small satisfaction when the superintendent, a tight-built muscular Englishman, gave the engineer a touch or two that reminded the onlooker of a piston-rod in action. If might and right are not the same thing, they ought to be.

Two weeks later, the works were re-opened with other workmen on a new wage scale. On arriving at the mine the following day, I found our former employees were picketing it. They had a crow to pluck with me, I could see that. The very air was portentous. Those workmen were like the horses of Phoebeus Apollo in that their breasts were full of fire and they breathed it forth from their nostrils and mouths. But while the men were abusive and loud-voiced, they were never insulting, for even Satan finds it hard to forge a weapon against a smile and an unwavering courtesy. And, after all, what can strikers do with a vice-president who is a woman? It seemed like taking an unfair advantage of them. It was only when we met the miners' wives that I learned my exceeding limitations; that the power fell out of my elbow and the stiffening out of my collar-bone.

When I say "we" I mean William and myself. Now, William was my driver, and he had spent fourteen years in the British cavalry. He had served in Egypt and South Africa; he had fought his way through a screaming death at Ondurman and—yes, I will say it—William was a "nob" and handsome as a circus horse. His deference as he lifted me down off the high seat; his manifest concern for my comfort; and his superb arrogance as he bade the women "Give over there!" was too much for even these raging furies to reckon with. His coolness under a withering fire of invective

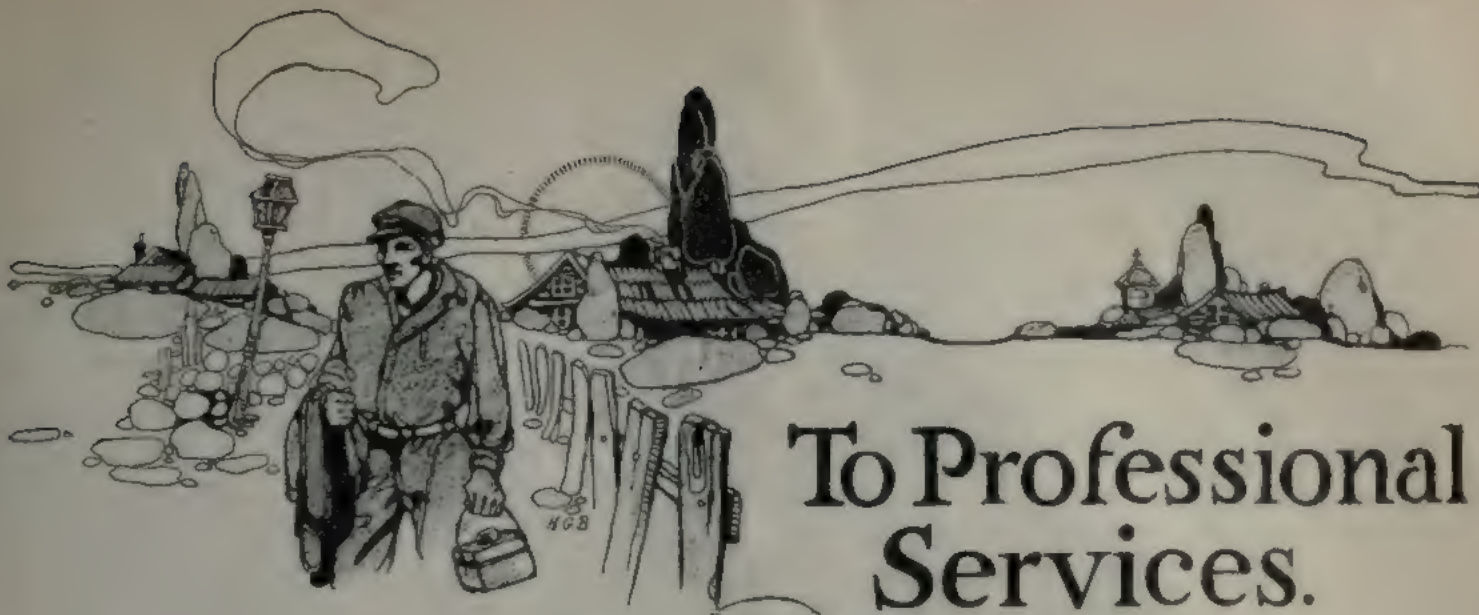
restored me to normal and enabled me to "stand pat."

To shorten the story, we had had to engage three successive gangs before we won out. By that time the strikers had become divided, some having accepted work in other mines, while the remainder became discouraged and gradually gave up the picket.

I have dwelt at some length on this matter of strikes because, as yet, no actual operator has expressed his view point or his feelings under the ordeal, whereas the strikers have made the street corners vibrant concerning the villainies of their employers whom they designate as "Capital." In dismissing this phase of mining, I would say a strike is to be avoided at almost any cost for, apart from its factor as a somewhat strenuous builder of character, it is a victory which costs the operator too dearly both in the expenditure of nerves and of money.

Before being led into the discussion of finances and strikes, I had started to tell you about an Albertan mine and its "workings." The theme is worth picking up again. Before you go down, it is well to have a look around the machinery-room where the engines pump up the water and pump down the air. You will also be interested in the great spool or "drum" which unwinds the long steel cables by which the cage is lowered or hoisted in the shaft. One man stands beside it and controls it with a lever. The man behind the lever needs to be equally as steady and effective a worker as "the man behind the gun", for it is by this cage the men enter and leave the mine although they may, if so disposed, ascend or descend by the escapement or ladder-shaft beside it. It is the strictest duty of the foreman to examine this drum, these cables, and the cage every day and to record his findings in a book which he is required to keep in compliance with the laws regulating coal mines. This man must also carefully test for gas. The maintenance of the air-circuit is a matter of much concern to the operators, for on it depends not only the health and security of the men but the safety of the mine itself. Carbon monoxide, which is white damp, is more dreaded by the miners than any other gas because it is difficult to detect, having no odor, taste, or color. The Bureau of Mines in the United States have recently discovered that canary birds are extremely susceptible to it and, after being exposed for three minutes to air containing one-sixth of one per cent. of the gas, show marked distress. In eight minutes, they fall off their perches. As a result, many American miners are now using canaries to watch out for gas while they are at work.

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To Professional Services.

By Robert J.C. Stead
Decorations by H. Geo. Brandt.

THE heat of the day was over, and long shadows fell across the unkempt street as the reddening sun descended. Mosuke Lubontz walked wearily along the thoroughfare, guiltless of sidewalk or boulevard, his heavy boots dragging clumsily through the hardened mud of the roadway. His head, sun-burned to a bronze yellow, swayed horse-like with every plod of his tired limbs; one big hand carried a dinner pail and the other swung listlessly at his side, what time it was not on the defensive against the accompanying cloud of mosquitoes.

Lubontz crossed the street toward an unpainted shack which faced the roadway. The debris left by the contractor was still littered about the place; the yellow clay thrown from the dug-out cellar had been burned by the sun to a brick-like hardness. Paper blinds, once white but now streaked in uncertain yellow, barred the vision at the windows, and through the unscreened door a multitude of flies buzzed lazily back and forth.

At the door the man's face brightened a little, and there was a tenderness in his step as he crossed the threshold. He turned toward the corner of the room, peering for a moment in the comparative darkness; then felt his way half shyly to the bedside where lay his Annette and their babe of a fortnight. . . . The woman turned toward him a face pale and worn, but with a startling flush in the cheeks and forehead. One hand was engaged with her tiny burden, but the other stole softly from the covers and found its way into the great palm of her husband.

"Child, your hand is hot," and there was a softness in his voice not suggested by his appearance. "Tell me,

Annette, you have been less well this day?"

She did not look at him, nor answer his question. Her large eyes stared at the ceiling. How large they were, and how unwinking, thought Mosuke. In his brief day of romance he had known his wife's eyes were beautiful, but he had never seen them so large and unwinking. He leaned over them, and at length they turned, very large and slow, into his.

"It is so," he said, slowly. "You are less well. Again I will go for the doctor."

Gently she disengaged her hand from his, and from her pillow drew forth an envelope, left that day by the postman. Mosuke removed the enclosure, and wrestled for some minutes with the unfriendly English. At first it was unintelligible to him, but gradually he grasped its meaning, and he sank into a chair by the side of the bed. It was a bill from Dr. Ralph, for professional services, and the amount was thirty dollars!

It was a long while before Lubontz spoke. He worked hard for his scanty living, and since the baby had come he had worked harder than ever. Until a few months ago Annette had helped by doing washing and scrubbing, and they had been able to get together a few sticks of furniture and make some crude preparations for the event which loomed so large in their lives; but now of course that help was withdrawn. Mosuke had changed his hour of rising from six o'clock to half past four, not only that he might do the housework in the morning, but that by walking three miles to his work he might save the three cents that formerly went for carfare. Ten hours each day he spent in

the sticky mud of the sewer trenches. Ten hours of back-breaking drudgery, for which the city paid him twenty-five cents an hour. . . . It was good wages, too. Lubontz recalled grimly how in his far European home that tale of twenty-five cents an hour had sounded too fabulous to believe. . . . But thirty dollars! His entire ancestry, back to the dawn of time, had been brought into the world for less than that. . . . It was not as though he had nothing else to pay. The rent of his shack was fifteen dollars a month, and meat and milk and vegetables—all were at prices which he had never thought to be possible.

A great anger rose in the heart of Lubontz. He did not swear before Annette; he knew he must spare her excitement, and his affection even yet could curb his tongue. But in his breast a dark surge rioted forth, and he cursed the condition which made him what he was. Dr. Ralph lived in a fine house in a fashionable avenue—Mosuke had seen it twice—and rode to his work in an automobile with a chauffeur to attend him and hand out his grips. Mosuke walked to his work and carried his dinner pail. Dr. Ralph came to his house three times and charged him thirty dollars; Mosuke would work in the ditch two weeks for that amount. And the winter was coming on, when work was scarce, and food was dearer than ever, and there was fuel to buy, and this winter they must keep the shack warm at any cost. Well . . .

"We must eat," he said at length, bestirring himself with an effort. "You have not eaten to-day—it is so?"

She nodded. "If it was so we could have some meat," she ventured.

Mosuke fell into a ready English

oath. "How can I buy you meat when I pay thirty dollars—" he demanded hotly, but the last words broke in his mouth and he ended the sentence in a sob. She reached her thin arms toward him, and he crept to them like a frightened boy. The slight frame, wasted with sickness and want, was after all a bulwark of protection to the iron-muscled man. In her sweet foreign tongue she poured words of comfort and endearment in his ears, and by-and-by his composure was restored.

But he had drawn from a fount already over-exhausted. For a long time she lay very still, and he thought she had dropped into sleep. But when he looked again he found the eyes but partly closed and the lips struggling with speech. "Mosuke," she whispered, "I am very sick. If it did not cost so much—"

"I will bring him if it costs a city," he cried. "Yes, if I steal, I will do it." He seized his hat and left the shack.

By the time he had reached Dr. Ralph's house in the avenue it was quite dark save for the street light and

and prosperity with which the avenue abounded only goaded him to a more unreasoning hostility.

He rang the bell sullenly and was shown into the doctor's waiting room. In the inner office a rich patron was settling an account; he saw a roll of bills in the doctor's hand and caught the brilliance from a ring on the stranger's finger. He guessed vaguely that that ring would feed his little family for a year. Presently the visitor took his leave and Dr. Ralph greeted Lubontz in his cheeriest voice. It was easy to be cheery, Mosuke reflected, when one has a stomach full of victuals and a hand full of money.

"Well, what's wrong?" the doctor was saying. "Is the little wife not so well to-day? Just wants a little cheering up, I'm thinking. You work too hard, Lubontz. If we could get her on her feet and you had a week or two in the country, why, man, you wouldn't know her. Wouldn't cost much, either. Let me see,—yes, I believe it could be done say for a week for as little as twenty-five or thirty dollars."

Mosuke gasped. Here was a man who spoke of twenty-five or thirty dollars as being "little."

"But the first thing is to get her on her feet, isn't it?" continued the doctor, not noticing the other's foreboding expression, or, if he did, attributing it to concern over Annette's health. The doctor pressed a button communicating with his garage, and hurried back to the inner office. Through the open door Mosuke saw him take a drawer from his safe. As he did so the crisp bills with which it was filled fluttered up as if in greeting. The doctor added those in his hand and returned the drawer to the safe,

but did not lock it. Then he threw on his coat, picked up a satchel, and said, "All right, Lubontz. Let us be away."

But the laborer demurred. He had to go down town. He had to get something at a store. The doctor would

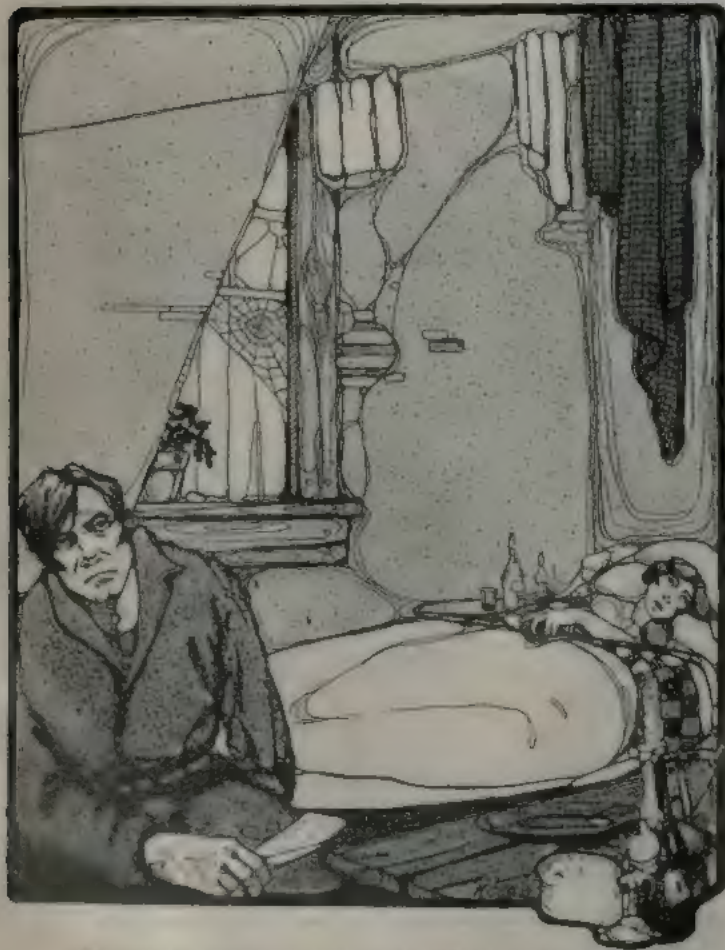
drive that way. No, no, the doctor must not wait. The doctor must go at once. Lubontz would come later. Finally, finding that the man was not to be persuaded, the doctor drove away, and in a moment the red tail-light had faded to a point far down the avenue.

Lubontz turned the other way. He walked for blocks and blocks, nursing his great thought, and turning it over from side to side. The sweet perfume of flowers drifting down from the wet balm-o'-gileads along the boulevards, smote his nostrils with an ever-growing emphasis of injustice. A spirit of intense peace lay over the residential portion of the city, the very houses sitting calm and friendly-like in their ample spaces. But the friendliness was not for him, and it was the calm of those who do not have to fear for their winter's food and fuel.

A limousine drew up at a doorway, and two laughing young women were ushered down the walk by handsome escorts. Lubontz caught first the ripple of their laughter, then the dance of the electric light as it fell on their white necks and the exposed portions of silky gowns that hung about them like a waterfall. Even in his soreness of spirit he stopped to look. How beautiful they were, and how young! Here was golden-hearted youth—youth without care or thought except for joy and beauty. Inwardly he estimated their age. They could not be more than twenty, he thought.

Slowly Mosuke's hair rose on end. Twenty! Why, Annette was twenty. But Annette was old. She had no light laughter; no ripple in her voice; no spring in her instep. No, no, she was not like this. She was old. She had never been young—had never known youth. No silky garments had ever sheathed her like a veil of mist; no electric light had danced from the gems about her throat. With a curse he turned about, and again found himself at the door of Dr. Ralph.

Except for the front porch and the main hall no lights burned in the lower part of the house. The rain fell with a gentle rustle in the grass of the lawn, and Mosuke's footsteps were unheard as he left the walk and stole silently across the sward. At the back of the house absolute darkness reigned; he crept cautiously along, guided by his fingers against the basement wall. His first hope was the basement door. He reached it presently; pressed it gently, then more firmly. It was locked. He well knew that it would shiver and break before one heave of his great shoulders, but that meant noise. That would be a last resort. Slowly he proceeded, still feeling his way in the darkness. Perhaps he would have better luck at the coal chute. At length his hands fell on the opening he



"IF IT WAS SO WE COULD HAVE SOME MEAT—" SHE VENTURED TIMIDLY

the more subdued lumination from many windows. The sky was overcast and a light rain was beginning to fall. In his long walk the bitterness of his position had again taken possession of his mind, and the evidences of wealth

was seeking. It responded to his touch. Very carefully he admitted himself, dropping silently on his toes to the cement floor of the basement.

Here he paused to steady himself and make sure of his directions. He supposed there was a cellar stair connecting with the kitchen hall, and these doors would be unlocked. It was a case of stealing quietly upstairs, along the hall, and into the doctor's office. One minute at the safe, then along the front hall and out by the front door, which would open to the hand from the inside. Once on the street there would be absolutely no clue by which he could be followed; he would hurry home and conceal the booty under the eaves of his shack. Then, he reflected, with a grim smile, the doctor should be paid his thirty dollars, and Annette and the baby should have their holiday in the country.

He started to move forward, but staggered and almost fell. Recovering himself he tried to stand upright, but his head swam and the walls appeared to dance about in the darkness. A strange oppressiveness filled his nostrils; a strange smell such as he had sometimes noticed in the sewer ditches. He reached gently for something by which to steady himself, when his ears caught the whirr of an automobile along the cement driveway, and a moment later he heard the garage doors run back on their rollers.

"I'll leave you to bring in the bundle, and mind you are careful of it," he heard the doctor say to the chauffeur. The next moment a key was turned in the back door, which admitted both to the basement and the kitchen passage.

Instinctively Lubontz stepped back into the deeper darkness. In doing so he jostled a hanging shelf, and some article of kitchen tinware clattered to the floor.

The doctor was just turning into the kitchen passage when Lubontz took his unfortunate step. Dr. Ralph stopped in his course, standing for one moment undecided.

"Cats, I suppose," Mosuke distinctly heard him say. "I guess I'd better chase them out," and with the words the doctor started down the cellar stairs. He presently reached the bottom, and Lubontz, two yards from his face, knew that he was groping about for the electric bulb. The moment he turned the button would be the moment of discovery. Mosuke had meant no violence, but he could not be taken thus. He was more than a match physically for the doctor, and although he was unarmed he carried a heavy knife. Stealthily he drew it from his pocket and felt for the blade in the darkness.

The doctor still groped for the bulb, voicing his annoyance in an undertone. Presently his hand found it. Lubontz crouched an arm's length from him.

The doctor turned the switch. Nothing happened. "Shucks," he remarked, "these lights have been turned off from upstairs." A moment's silence followed. Then there was the crackle of a match being struck.

No one ever knew just how it happened. There was a burst of flame and an explosion which tore the rear wall out of the doctor's residence. Two men in the basement were knocked down by the concussion, and one of them was on fire. The larger man seized him from the floor, rushed into the open, and smothered out the live

"I will, Mosuke, I will. See, I have brought her to my house this night."

The chauffeur came running up with a bundle, which he held close to the



DR. RALPH GREETED MOSUKE IN HIS CHEERFUL VOICE. IT WAS RARE TO BE CHEERFUL, MOSUKE REFLECTED, WHEN ONE HAS A STOMACH FULL OF VICTUALS AND A HAND FULL OF MONEY.

flame with his hands. Then he fell back, gasping, from a dislocation in his neck.

The chauffeur ran up with a light and the doctor peered into the face of his preserver. It was Mosuke Lubontz!

"Tell me, Lubontz, tell me, how were you present to save me when the gas exploded?" But even as he spoke the light fell on the stricken neck, and the doctor's face turned gray.

"Doctor," Mosuke managed to gasp, "You—take care—for my baby—won't you?"

dying man's face. Gently they drew back the covering, and a glow of great tenderness lit up the foreigner as his eyes fell on the little pink bit of flesh.

There was a moment's silence, and again Lubontz tried to speak.

"And Annette, Doctor,—what will become of Annette?"

Very gently the doctor told him. "Annette was weaker than you knew. You will be with her in ten minutes."

"Then we—won't—need to—care—for the winter—will we, doctor?"

Making It Easy For Him

By Dorothy Canfield

Illustrated by G. Patrick Nelson

EVERY time the older clergyman looked at the younger he gave a groan of self pity for which he felt little if any shame. It came near being a case of simple self-preservation, he thought, and did his best to harden his quivering Celtic heart.

"I mustn't get interested in him," he said to himself despairingly. "I mustn't get sympathetic or Lulu will scold so."

Lulu was the inimitably incongruous name of his wife, a firm-lipped, even-handed Scottish woman, set by Providence, so she said, as a guard over the too facile sympathies of the husband she idolized. She was undaunted by his rise to great fame and ordered about the celebrated Dr. Burke with as unshaken a certainty that she knew his wants and needs better than he, as though he were still young Michael Burke, the handsome and romantic emigrant who had captured her heart.

It had not been she alone, however, who had sent him upon this enforced vacation which he was now trying so conscientiously to guard intact. The whole worshipping congregation, seeing fatigue in his keen, gentle eyes, and traces of nervous strain about the mobile, eloquent, well-beloved mouth, had risen as one man and insisted on his going away to a remote nook in the mountains where he would not be known.

The last condition was the idea of the great nerve-specialist, one of his parishioners, who withdrew from the position of adoring affection, common to all St. James people when their rector was in question, long enough to regard Dr. Burke as a "case."

"He must go where people will not know him," was his verdict. "He must wear a pepper-and-salt suit and a red neck-tie if necessary, so nobody'll think he's a clergyman, and he *must not sympathize with a living soul!* Don't some of you know a place where everybody's fat and prosperous and complacent? He has simply borne our burdens and lived our lives in his wonderful way so long that he must have a rest. His insight into suffering humanity has grown unnaturally keen, and he cannot see any of us fainting for some subtle, spiritual lack that he does not, with his marvelous skill, bring to us what we need. But it's at the cost of his very heart's life, and he

must be naturally and humanly sel- long to the temptation to put out his wise, kind hand and give just the touch to this unbalanced life that was needed.

The nerve-specialist was one of the vestry, and this homily was delivered at the first vestry meeting after his examination of Dr. Burke. Each of the vestrymen loved his rector as much as did the nerve doctor, and each of them repeated the exhortation in his own words to the tired man. Moreover, each of them told his wife, and each wife repeated it to Mrs. Burke. What Mrs. Burke said to her husband is not recorded, but it was probably vigorous, for he set out upon his quest for quiet, genuinely alarmed about his condition and firmly resolved to be as near an approach to a cabbage as possible. And here he was upon the second day feeling his heart go out towards the young boy-rector of the little mountain parish in one of those swift rushes of intuitive insight which made him so worshipped by his parish, but which had also reduced him to the state of pallor and nerves in which he found himself.

He struggled valiantly against this obsession. He took solitary walks and rides over the enchanting country, trying to forget the sad note in the boy's voice and the perplexed and mournfully bewildered look in his eyes. He told himself impatiently that he was like a machine which was worn too smooth-running for practical purposes. He had been used, half-humorously, to think of himself as a contrivance which ran sympathy upon the pushing of a button. But now it had escaped from his control. The reverse-cogs no longer worked. It ran sympathy indiscriminately, as though the button had stuck fast and was pushing in all the time.

Thus he reasoned to himself when he was away from the little boarding-house where he and the young Mr. Melville were the only guests, and he went back to the appetizing meals sure of his power to resist the insidious appeal of youth in distress. But as he noted with the unerring eye of a great soul-specialist the signs of spiritual unrest, and diagnosed the case from stray indications in the conversation which would have meant nothing to anyone less gifted with the magical insight that was his he felt a miserable certainty that he would succumb before

It was after a moonlight walk with the young rector that he finally felt himself conquered. Up to that time he had repeated despairingly what his wife was always saying to him, "Suppose I had not happened along? He would have pulled through somehow." But on that night as he lay tensely awake, watching the steady patches of moonlight on the porch outside his window, he realized that this was a selfish shirking of responsibility—a callous repetition of the world-old cry of "Am I my brother's keeper?" He remembered himself in his first parish, and the apparently soul-rending doubts and unbeliefs which then assailed him, and how he would have blessed Heaven if some wise, kind elder could have put a steady hand on his whirling, aching, self-doubting head. When the boy spoke with such a shrinking horror in his voice of his doubts as to his capacity to be a clergyman, with all that it meant, Michael Burke felt a responsive quiver in his own ever-young Irish heart, and he longed to show the dear lad sweetly and tenderly, as only he could, how ludicrously he was overestimating his own importance. When the Reverend Mr. Melville's blue eyes looked past his companion, as church doctrine was spoken of, with a hunted expression of hardly-repressed misgiving, the older man yearned over him and he felt burning on the end of his facile, eloquent tongue the very words which would show this fresh boy-soul the eternal truth underlying all the noxious verbiage which had been conscientiously forced down him at the theological seminary.

The moonlight evening of the fatal walk was Sunday, after the evening service in the bare little church, and after the keen eyes of the great man had pierced to the very soul of the hesitating, forlornly courageous soldier of the Gospel. The evening sermon had been a lamentable affair. The boy was trying to learn to speak extemporaneously, and the results were alarming. The fluent, practised orator drew great breaths of agonized sympathy as the young rector halted and stammered and fumbled hopelessly. And when he finally finished miserably without having made a point of any kind, and turned back to the altar to

receive the plate for the offering, thus shutting out for a moment the intolerably humorous, keen eyes of his amused but resigned congregation of people old enough to be his parents, Dr Burke mopped his forehead, exhausted with the nervous strain. He could not have been more spent and haggard if he had been pouring all his golden eloquence into a mighty effort to stir the hearts of the self-satisfied, prosperous congregation who came to hear him in the city. As the priest turned about with the plate for the offering, the older man's heart contracted with a positive physical pain to see the drawn lines in his young comrade's face. The boy was evidently suffering agonies of mortification over his failure — those youthful, tragic pangs, which seem to leave the whole future black. Michael Burke could hardly restrain himself from going straight to him, putting his strong arm about his drooping shoulders and comforting him as only he could.

They walked home together that night, and although the doctor tried to call up before him the disapproving face of his much loved and much feared wife, he parted from the young man with the feeling that they were destined to be more to each other. Mr. Melville had been very silent and subdued, and once as they sat for a moment by the roadside, he had dropped his head with a half-stifled groan.

Dr. Burke's hand had flown out in instant sympathy, but he had withdrawn it before it touched the young

priest, and he had sat in silence beside the troubled soul, holding in a final restraint the impulses of his helpful heart, tugging at the leash of his prudence.

That night, as has been said, he lay

himself go, lifted high out of his worry about his health by the tidal wave of this sacrificial fervor.

Although he knew that, while it would sweep his beneficiary out into the wide sea of healthful endeavor, its

receding would leave him nerveless and limp on the shore of physical and spiritual lassitude, he had so exhilarated a joy in the prospect of the righteous exercise of his great power, that he even doubted for a moment whether he did not, after all, rather enjoy his adroitness in manipulating souls whether it was not becoming an exciting game of skill with him more than a prayerful act of devotion.

But he was too wise a man, and had won his wisdom too hardly by terrors of self-distrust, to allow such fantastic doubts of his disinterestedness to trouble him much. He recognized them as among the most insidious wiles of the arch enemy, and put them resolutely on one side, as he meant to teach the Reverend Mr. Herman Melville to do before the end of his month's stay.

He slept very little that night, and although insomnia had grown to be a wretchedly steady habit with him, he could not but attribute his tossing restlessness to the subtle struggle which lay before him. The next morning he arose keyed up for the beginning of his

task. He tried to forget Lulu, and succeeded at the first sight of the young clergyman's pale, drawn face. He made conversation, casual, kind, impersonal talk, and before Mr. Melville knew it he had made an

long awake, feeling his whole being warm and glow into the heat that always preceded one of his great efforts, either a sermon or a soul-to-soul struggle with the powers of evil and doubt. He had a sort of zest in letting



UNDER THE PINE TREE'S DEEPER SHADOW DR. BURKE WENT OVER THE TRAILS OF HIS YOUTH, DRAWING FROM THEM THE GENTLY IRONICAL AND HEALING LESSONS OF EXPERIENCE.

appointment to show the tired-looking elderly man in the pepper-and-salt suit the view of the cascades by moonlight—the one show place of the little village.

That day was one of mingled joy and faintness to Michael Burke, but when the two started out together he felt himself like a well-tuned instrument, ready for the master's hand.

He began by telling the young man abruptly who he was; not just any Mr. Burke resting from too much devotion to business, but Michael Burke—of St. James,—“the one they call ‘Father Michael,’ you know.”

The young clergyman stopped abruptly in the shade of a pine tree as if stricken dumb by this announcement, and the other felt sympathetically the heart-sick rush of chagrin of the self-conscious rector as he thought of his last night's sermon being heard by the world-famous preacher. His heart overflowed suddenly, and putting his hand on his comrade's shoulder, he said in the sweet, deep voice which went always to his own heart as well as to his hearer's, “I tell you that, my dear fellow, because this last week has made me wish to be ‘Father Michael’ to you, too.”

Mr. Melville stammered out an incoherent expression of gratitude and the conversation was launched. They had started out to see the cascades, but they did not stir from under the pine tree's dense shadow. For two hours

Dr. Burke felt he had never spoken better. He went over the trails of his youth—he had been a boy not unlike his companion—and he drew from them the gently ironical and healing essence of experience with which he had soothed so many troubled souls. He touched—but this very lightly—upon the anguish of first feeling the horrors of incompetence, the sermons that missed fire, the precious opportunities lost. He reserved more on this head until a later date, when they should be drawn more together and the boy really should have opened his heart. He spoke of the uplifting consciousness of one's final insignificance which was such a comfort to sane middle-life and to which the young man would certainly come through these very trials of his stormy youth. Of doctrines he spoke sparingly, but with a wide allowance for youthful scorn of theology, and with a tolerant, kindly smile for blasting moments of apparently world-rocking scepticism. The mere fact of having taken orders, after all, could not protect you against unbelief, he urged his young friend to know; and the priest must forge his own armor of faith by his own lustiest efforts, or go naked and shivering all his life. He must have his own interpretation of the holy truths of the church, and there was no better beginning than honest doubt.

At this he was suddenly aware that he was very tired, his knees shaking

under him and his head heavy and throbbing. He rose and proposed that they go back to the house. He recalled that he would have a whole month with this boy-soldier, and that perhaps he had said enough for the first time.

The Reverend Mr. Melville walked beside him in silence, his head bowed. Dr. Burke respected his confusion and said nothing. At the door the young man roused himself, took the other's hand ardently in his and said earnestly, “I can't tell you, Dr. Burke, how much you have helped me! You have given me a new inspiration!” The older man waved his thanks aside deprecatingly, but he went to his room with a glowing heart in a very tired body.

As he laid himself down wearily in his bed, his fatigue was for a moment lightened by the inevitable conscious joy of an artist who has done well. “It was one of my great moments,” he said to himself, with an honest pride. He thought half-regretfully what a sermon he could have preached with the fire and feeling he had used up on this obscure boy, but upbraided himself at once for the thought which he recognized as mercenary.

There was no trying to sleep. His tense nerves twitched and twanged all through him like over-strained violin-strings. He felt that he could never relax again in his life; and reflected that this might mean the turning point for him, that this time he might really overdo so that he could never get back to a healthy state of nervous equilibrium again. “No matter about me,” he said stoutly to his fainting heart, “it is an immortal soul to be saved for the service of good,” and he turned himself to watch the steady light of the moon on the verandah floor.

A shadow passed before his window, and the Reverend Mr. Melville walked past with his arm around the waist of a girl in white. Dr. Burke remembered hearing that the young rector was engaged to be married, and smiled sympathetically.

The next moment he started on hearing his own name spoken, and in an instant was so transfixed by what he heard that he forgot he was eaves-dropping.

“Did you ever hear of the Reverend Mr. Michael Burke, pussy dear?” asked the young man.

“No,” said the girl promptly. “Is he the old man who's boarding here?”

Father Michael bounded indignantly in his bed at the adjective.

“Yes,” said the other, “I didn't know he was a minister till to-night. He dragged me out for a moonlight walk and told me he was ‘Father Michael.’ He spoke so pompously about it that I was scared, for fear he'd realize I'd never heard of him.



"DID YOU EVER HEAR OF THE REVEREND MR. BURKE, PUSSY DEAR?"

I just stopped short, trying to remember the name. It seems to me vaguely that I have heard him spoken of, too. Isn't there an emotional old preacher in some sensational church in the East by that name?"

The girl made no response and the other went on, "Well, he's like all other old men, too fond of the sound of his own voice, and so garrulous about his youth! I thought he never would get through telling me anecdotes of his young days. I meant to be kind to him, but, when you consider that he was keeping me away from you, you can imagine that I was not vitally interested in his reminiscences."

There was an interlude of appropriate silence after this, and then the girl asked, "How's your poor tooth?"

"Better, to-day, thank Heaven. Why, yesterday I really thought I could not go through the service. By the way, Helen, darling, what did you think of the sermon in the evening? Didn't it strike you as pretty good? I thought that point about the health of content was not so bad. It really seems odd to me sometimes that I should have so little trouble about speaking without notes. It just seems to come natural to me."

"It was wonderful," breathed the girl rapturously—"wonderful! I felt the tears in my eyes all the time—and when I thought how you were suffering every minute from toothache I—"

There was another silence. Then the young minister spoke again.

"You know how worried I have been about arranging the heating plant of that old house we're going to use as parish-house? Well, it was the funniest thing—all the while this old man was talking I kept turning it over in my mind—it's really been making me lose my appetite; I thought I was no good, and not fit to be the leader of a parish because I couldn't solve that problem—and finally an inspiration about a straight pipe up from the old kitchen came to me from a figure he was drawing idly on the dust with his cane."

He paused and laughed a little with a boyish mischief. "I hope it wasn't deceiving and un-Christian, but I just couldn't keep the joke to myself, and when I said good-night I told him he never could know how he had helped me. He never will, either!"

The girl laughed with him, a tinkling gush of amusement and admiration that disappeared before the sudden severity of her sweetheart's voice as he went on. "But if he is a clergyman as he claims, he has the most extraordinary ideas on theology. Really, Helen," he spoke with a youthfully solemn condemnation—"I really shouldn't think him quite safe." He lowered his voice to a greater hush.



AS THE YOUNG MAN FOR STIMMERED AND FLEETWORKED TO A CLOSE THE FLUENT, PRACTISED ORATOR MOVED HIS FOREHEAD EXHAUSTED WITH THE NERVOUS STRAIN

"Honestly, he didn't sound quite—quite orthodox to me!"

There is a limit to all things. At this the Reverend Dr. Michael Burke sprang from his bed, and, rushing across the floor with an agility he had not suspected to be in him, he slammed the window down, banging it so that an echo resounded through all the house.

But he was Irish for other things than for quick sympathies, and before he reached his bed again he was shaken by a laughter that seemed to tear him away from all his old moorings. He buried his face in his pillows to stifle the sound of his noisy peals of mirth—he felt overwhelmed, drowned, as wave after wave of hilarity swept over him. His tired nerves reacted from their tense strain of a few moments before into a wild jangle of hysterical realization of the joke on him. It seemed to him that he could never stop laughing. Every time he recalled the scene under the pine tree he burst into guffaws and beat his hands upon the pillow. He thought of his last meditation before the dialogue outside began, "No matter about me—it is an immortal soul to be saved," and his piqued

vanity was fairly annihilated by his sense of the inimitable irony of the situation. The same quality in him that made him an instrument exquisitely responsive to emotion made him lie alone in the darkened room and plunge from one depth of uncontrollable mirth to another. As fast as a convulsion of laughter subsided into faint, breathless chuckles, odd phrases of his exhortation floated across his brain—"the joy of realizing one's final insignificance in the world," "how cheerful it made middle-age to know that youth always ~~intentionally~~ exaggerated its own importance," and he lay back on his pillows, shouting and crowing hysterically until his breath gave out and he shook in noiseless giggles.

Finally he realized that he was doctored, and at the same time he felt dimly that he was relaxed and unstrained as he had not been for many months. . . . but before he could stop to philosophize on this he fell suddenly asleep like a little child.

When he awoke the sun was shining brightly, and the house was noisy with active life. He reached for his watch and looked at it incredulously. It pointed to twenty minutes to twelve.

He had slept almost half the day. The fourteen-year-old son of his landlord passed the open window and he called him in. "Don't you want to go fishing with me to-day?" he asked, yawning happily as he sat up and rubbed his eyes. "I'm going fishing the rest of the time I'm here. Come along."

The youngster looked at him doubtfully. Like many children he looked upon all strange grown-ups as hostile, and wore a sort of mental sign, "Greeks bearing gifts not allowed on these grounds," when he was approached with tempting proposals. But this engaging man with the mop of tumbled gray hair and the undeniably sympathetic Irish grin hardly looked like a

Greek. The boy dug his bare toes in the dust.

"Say," he remarked absently, "there's millions of 'em in a place 'till I know."

"Now that's bully," declared the Reverend Michael Burke, rumpling his hair still further with a surprisingly steady hand. "You're just the kind of person I've been looking for. How's the worms this morning—plenty of 'em?"

"You just betcher," chirped the boy.

"All right. If you've got an extra spade out in the woodshed—" the boy nodded—"I'll help you dig 'em just as soon as breakfast is over. And we'll start right off—eh?"

"They don't bite now till about five o'clock," explained the boy, "but shucks! I don't care, do you?"

"Not a bit!" declared Father Michael.

After the boy had gone he rose and went to the mirror. On the way, a belated and passing spasm of laughter overtook him, and when he looked at himself he hardly recognized the healthily flushed and smiling face which greeted him. He surveyed this care-free image complacently for some time, and finally with a freakish return to his boyhood he stuck out his tongue and shook a jocular fist at the looking-glass. "Sure, an' 'tis not you that can iver say it does a man no good to lave his own parish a bit!" he cried, assuming his broadest brogue, and then, "Och, faith! an' I wish Lulu could see me jist now!"



That Awful Model

WHEREIN A LITTLE LADY PROVES
A DANGEROUS THING

By Rupert Hughes

Author of "What Will People Say?" "A Man For A While," etc.

Illustrated by Edmund Frederick



EVERYBODY stared at the woman struggling in the water. She screamed no more. She was horribly busy and silent among the waves.

Knowles was a shy young man. He felt that it would be almost presumptuous for him to be the first to go to her rescue. He did not like the obvious, and that was so obviously the thing to do.

But, seeing that everybody else was as modest as himself and that any further hesitation meant the public death of a human being, he threw off his diffidence with his coat, jumped down to the beach, plunged through the crowd, asked, "Who is she?" did not wait for an answer, kicked off his low shoes, winced at the chill of the wet sand, charged into the boiling smother, shivered as the cold thrilled up his spine, rainbowed through the green concave of a thunderous breaker that formed a groined arch to crush him, shook his wet hair out of his eyes

in time to duck and split the next wave—and a third.

Then he had a moment of calmer space, and settled down to the most hideously slow form of human progress. The tide was moving out on a shelving beach, with much cross-current and undertow. It had carried the girl beyond her depth and she had lost all her courage; only a blind instinct kept her beating the water. It was easy enough for a stout swimmer to get out to her. But to get back—and to get back against the tide with a madly terrified passenger—that was a problem.

The spectators on shore were blissfully tormented and their hearts went out to the young man; their throats ached with the pure beauty of his deed—and then everybody gulped, sickened, for—

As the couple rose to view again, out of such a bubbling eddy as a hooked fish makes, the poor girl's arms were round the hero, and she clung to him

with all her might. But he—what did he do? He wrenched furiously at her white hands, got his right arm free, raised it, clenched his fist and struck the girl—in the face—twice!

Then a merciful wave erased the intolerable atrocity from the wind-blown canvas.

The next thing the crowd saw was the young man, half dead and swimming feebly, with one arm like a lame flapper. His other hand was tangled in the disordered hair of the unconscious figure he was towing to land.

When they were safely ashore, the crowd mutely showed its disgust and reproach for the brute. Even he felt it, dazed as he was; and he stammered an apology between his chattering teeth:

"You s-see I had to knock-ock her s-senseless less to save her. A minute more and we'd have both drow-ned."

The girl was brought out of coma by various ungraceful processes—in

one of which a barrel figured—and she was soon able to sit up and take notice of what manner of being it was had plucked her from the sea.

When each saw the other, both wanted to die.

His hair was every which way, his collar was melted, his azure scarf was shedding blue blood over his dripping shirt, he was boozy with fatigue and nausea—and his socks revealed his bachelorhood and a couple of toes.

Her head was ringing with pain from the excitement and the pummeling. Her eyes were bleary from his blows. Her hair was all out of curl, and mixed with seaweed, her bathing suit was torn and covered with blotches of wet sand. The young woman hated the young man so direly for saving her so outrageously that she could not even murmur, "Much obliged for my life."

By this time her parents had heard of the affair and were running from their hotel near by. They were too much excited to pay any heed to Knowles and dragged their daughter to her room. She was pretty well shocked; she had known what it was to face death and to be brought in like a cave-dweller's bride.

Knowles had always prayed that he might some day save somebody's life. And now his prayer had been answered, but, as is usually the case, answered with amendments. He had saved a homely and disagreeable girl, and he had disgraced himself in doing it.

It had always been inconceivable to him that a man worthy the name should lift his hand against a woman under any circumstances. Yet he had actually beaten a poor hysterical clinging creature in the face—Ye gods, he had knocked her senseless!

When, some hours later, Mr. Smallwood, the girl's father, sent his name up to Knowles' room and asked to see him, Knowles could only believe that the man had trailed him to his hiding place and had come to beat him to a pulp.

He could not blame the father, but he wondered what he himself ought to do. To black the daughter's eyes and then the father's eyes—contribute four mottled optics to one family—that would be rather overdoing it.

But to run away was not pretty, either. He decided to try the effect of apology through the door. He telephoned down to send the visitor up. In due time, there was a knock and a voice began so mildly that he opened the door without delay.

"Mr. Knowles, I have come to express my everlasting gratitude. Without you I should be bereaved of my only child."

"Don't mention it. It's nothing. Ho-how is your child?"

"She is all right except for a pair of black—I mean, except for the shock, the shock. We expect her to be up and about in a day or two, and Mrs. Smallwood and I should esteem it an honor if you would dine with us Thursday at seven at our hotel—the Shoreby."

Thursday night Knowles dragged himself to the Shoreby, to complete his penance and face the homely flot-sam he had brought ashore. When they met, they looked very handsome to each other. The shock was so great

"Oh, yes, I've always admired your illustrations. Your men wear such well-made clothes and look so strong, and the girls—they're awfully well dressed."

It was not just the sort of praise an artist accounts the highest, and she had evidently never heard of his paintings, which were his real expression. But any praise was sweet from lips like those; the very gaze of such eyes was an accolade. And he liked the way she did her hair.

Suddenly he heard himself saying:



"IF I HAD KNOWN YOU COULD HAVE CHANGED SO, MAY, I—O NEVER HAVE MARKED YOU"

that they stared hard, giggled inanely, and felt extremely juvenile.

Then she swept his feet out from under him by knowing something of his work.

"It's awfully nice to be saved at all, but it's particularly nice to be saved by a well-known illustrator."

It was not much of an encomium, but she had only had three days to compose it and most of that time she had worn raw beefsteak poultices.

"You know my work, then?" he gasped

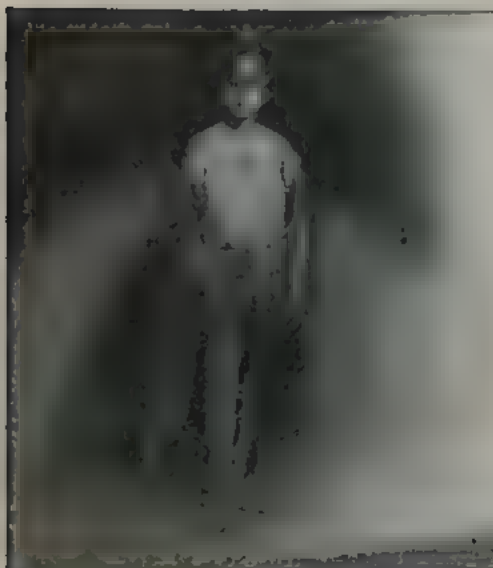
"Can you ever forgive me for my—my—awkwardness. I was horribly ashamed when I got you ashore."

"The main thing was that you got me ashore. The gentler ones would have let me drown."

"That's very kind of you, and now that I see your eyes, I think I must have really done them some good. I never saw such——"

And then he realized that her father and mother were present

Continued on page 328



THE WOMAN OF IT

By Alan Adair

Author of "THE APOSTACY OF JULIAN FULKE," "JOAN," etc.

Illustrated By
Katherine Southwick

SYNOPSIS.

This novel of English society opens with a prologue showing Robert Sinclair as a boy in Rome. He angers his father, a cashiered captain, by wanting to become a singer, and is brutally beaten. Mother and son leave Rome that night, the boy regretting only his parting with his playmate, Denzil Merton.

The scene changes to London. Lord Merton is giving a box party at the opera for the family of a Canadian railway man, with whose daughter, Valerie Monro, he is deeply in love. When the new tenor who is to make his premier in the role of the Knight Lohengrin comes on, Merton recognizes him as his boyhood friend, Robert Sinclair. Valerie is strangely impressed by the tenor but chides herself for being as silly about him as the other women of the party. Merton tells her he is going to call on Sinclair the next day, which he does, and finds Sinclair eager to renew their boyish acquaintance. Merton tells him that Valerie wants to meet him, but he laughs and intimates that Lohengrin's armour has dazzled her a little. Merton disclaims this, saying, "She is not like that," and when Mrs. Monro sends the singer a card for her next hall, Merton persuades him to accept. Valerie perversely snubs him. Later in the evening a lighted candle falls on her, and Sinclair puts out the fire, burning his hands. Valerie attempts to thank him and ends by a gust of hysterical tears which washes away the coldness between them. They are fresh on their acquaintance, and she invites Sinclair to come and see them. However, their next meeting is at the Duchess of Northshire's musicale, where Sinclair is a lion.

CHAPTER VII.—Continued.

But the Russian pianist came first, and as he sat down and let his hands fall heavily on the opening chords of a Beethoven sonata, something within the girl responded to the tragic harmonies. They seemed to her like tired battalions walking heavily through the night after a great defeat, and she listened as the massive theme developed and marched on through interminable changes, until at the end she was almost too deeply moved to speak.

And then Sinclair came on, and she did not dare to lift her eyes from her programme. But under her lashes she saw him, and felt that he saw her. It was a familiar aria that he sang, and he did it beautifully, of course, but she hardly heard him. It was not his music that drew her, but his personality. The prima donna followed him and Valerie regarded her intently. She was very pretty—not at all made up, but fresh and powerful of physique, with evidently a striking and individual temperament. "That is the kind of woman he is used to," she thought to herself, noting her sure and capable movements, "women who are brilliant and talented and fascinating. What a fool I am!"

"Come into the little drawing-room with me, and see Bob," said Lord Merton to her at the intermission. "We are all supposed to wander out in search of refreshments which we must

need after listening to fifty minutes of music. Wasn't Mademoiselle de Beaunay charming?"

"Exquisite," agreed Valerie, and together they made their way to one of the rooms reserved for the artists and towards which only a privileged few were directing their steps.

Mademoiselle de Beaunay was holding a little court at one end of the room, and Sinclair was standing beside her with a glass of water, waiting quite patiently for her to take it. Valerie saw the charming smile with which she thanked him, and something stabbed the girl to her heart.

But Sinclair caught sight of them, and came quickly forward, leaving the prima donna with her glass in hand, which Valerie swiftly noted with a sense of advantage. He bowed to them. "I have no hands yet," he explained, with his winning smile, "but the welcome is all here."

"I know," she said. "But they are better?"

"Yes—yes. They have not been bad at all—the only person who has really suffered from them is my man at the theatre. In a couple of days I shall be quite all right again."

"I'm so glad," she said. Somehow in his presence she lost her accustomed flow of words, and was almost as silent as a dazzled country girl.

"But you have not recovered?" he said, looking at her carefully. "You must have had a severe shock."

"I? Oh, no! I am perfectly recovered—it was nothing."

"You look white and tired. Now you ought to have done as I did, and lived in the open air for awhile. I have been out of doors constantly—we've had a bully time, haven't we, Denzil?"

"Corking," agreed the little man.

"Have you?" inquired Valerie, a trifle coldly. It seemed to her as if he need not insist so much on his happiness.

"Yes," he told her joyously. "After all, there is no country like the old country. The finished beauty of it is wonderful to me."

"Perhaps—but you can't expect a Canadian to agree to that statement entirely," she said, laughing a little.

He looked at her whimsically. "I am always putting my foot in it when I talk to you. Why is it?"

"Natural antipathy, perhaps," she suggested.

He looked at her shrewdly, for she had not spoken quite as carelessly as she had meant to do.

"No, it's not that. You don't analyze at first glance, do you? I never met a Canadian girl before. Are you all like this?"

"Like what?"

"Ah, there you have me," he confessed. "I don't know—I can't translate you. It is like seeing a poem in a foreign tongue—the beauty is there, but locked."

She laughed merrily. "Shall I tell you where you can purchase a dictionary?"

"D."

She kept her eyes upon him, even as she turned her slender young body for flight.

"British Columbia," she mocked, and swung away towards Denzil, who was hovering about the prima donna.

But Sinclair followed her, laughing, and she did not go very far.

"Miss Monro," he challenged, "do you remember you promised me all the dances I wanted at our next ball? What will you give me at Lady Merton's to-morrow night?"

"All you wanted?" she queried provokingly.

"Must I bring witnesses to prove it?"

"No. Witnesses never do any good with a woman—don't you know that?"

"Alas, yes. But I throw myself on the mercy of the court. Will three—"

"Three is a quarter of a dozen," said Valerie gravely.

"I don't want to be greedy," said Sinclair, "but at the same time I want three."

They laughed together. Then Denzil came up, and Sinclair turned to him with some question about Hurlingham and the polo. It was one of the few games that Denzil played, and he did very well at it.

"By the way, will you come to the match, Valerie?" he asked her.

She hesitated. "I daresay dad would come," she reflected, "if there is not too much to do. Yes, I think I can—I'll drop you a note about it after I talk with him."

It was time to go back to the concert room, and Valerie returned with Denzil, Sinclair's question about the dances still unanswered. And yet—somehow she thought he would take it as answered, too. They passed Mrs. Monro, who beamed upon them. "She is almost giving us her blessing," thought Valerie to herself.

The duet followed close on the intermission, and Valerie saw Sinclair and the prima donna together in a passionate scene from *Madame Butterfly*—the scene where the handsome young officer and the little Japanese girl learn that they love each other, and forget the rest of the world in each other's arms. There was the merest suggestion of acting, but the music was quite enough. Valerie suffered agonies. Sinclair had no thoughts for anyone but the woman with whom he was singing. He was utterly unconscious of audience and friends alike, lost in Puccini's vivid music, and to Valerie he seemed miles away from her. The exaltation she had felt dropped from her like a garment. This was his life—this was what touched him most. She

meant nothing to him after all. She was a new type to him, a curious passage in the book of life, which he meant to read, and forget. She had had no real talk with him. Probably she was only a good-looking girl whose life he had saved, and who had previously snubbed him. She resolved to study music, and learn something about this life of his that claimed him so utterly.

The two great singers were bowing their thanks, and the audience, jolted out of their placid digestion, were applauding frantically. They reappeared to bow again, and as they came on, Valerie saw Sinclair say something to his companion, which she met with

charming intimacy, and rewarded with a little pat on his arm. Evidently they understood each other very well.

"Really, they are inimitable," said Denzil. "She is his best partner. They sing *Madame Butterfly* to-night at the theatre—I think I'll go just for that one scene. It's really not much good after the first act."

Valerie moistened her lips—she must say something.

"I suppose they often sing together."

"Bob tells me that whenever he can he sings with her. She has such a sympathetic voice, and can act besides. He says she is a consummate artist."

"She is lovely, too."

"I don't think that makes much



MADAME BUTTERFLY. SINCLAIR WAS HOLDING A LITTLE COURT AND AT THE SUIT OF SINCLAIR DENZIL HER SOMETHING STARTED VALERIE TO THE EAST

difference to him. You see, he is so handsome himself that mere beauty doesn't attract him much. What he likes is artistic sympathy. He is a queer mixture. The self that he brings to his work is all music."

But the Russian pianist was on the stage again, his wild mane of hair upright, and his long fingers flashing in Moszkowski's "Caprice Espagnole," and Valerie lost herself in its brilliant cadenzas. He followed it with "Pierrot Reveur"—and the haunting wistful sadness of the thoughts of that dreaming Pierrot in his motley swept over the girl like an echo of her own troubled heart's beating. Denzil looked at her curiously.

"I didn't know you cared so much for music," he observed.

"That man makes me sad," she said, coming out of her reverie with a little laugh, and she spoke truth. But it was not the wild-haired Russian pianist that she meant in her heart.

Robert sang again,—a simple ballad of a lost cause that all the world was singing then, but that nobody sang as he did—and after the song there was a second's significant silence before the clapping broke out. He would not sing again, and the throng began to disperse.

"What's so rippin' about him is that he's English and looks such a gentleman," they heard a handsome young guardsman say. "Sinclair, do you say his name is? I wonder what Sinclairs he belongs to. Looks a good sort."

"I don't think I shall come to Hurlingham, Lord Merton," said Valerie suddenly.

"Oh, why not? I was looking forward to it so much."

"I think you and Mr. Sinclair would have a better time without us," she told him.

"You don't really think so."

"Well, Mr. Sinclair would—we always seem to fall out."

"Only because you don't know him yet."

"He isn't a woman's man, is he? He only cares for artists and his work."

"Do you know, I really believe you don't like him," said Denzil. "I thought you were going to get acquainted, but it doesn't seem that you are. He is my friend, and I wish so much that you wouldn't judge him and cast him out before you understand him. I know he is different from most people, but—"

"No, no, that isn't it," she said hurriedly. "I don't mean to misjudge him."

"Well, try him again," said Denzil. "You know, I don't have many friends. And may I, too, have three dances at our ball?"

"Of course you may. You are an old friend."

"His three dances are a reward of bravery?"

"Tell him to come and claim them," she said, and then as Mrs. Monro came up, she added, "Here we are, mother. Your concert was a splendid success—but aren't you worn out?"

"One hundred and three pounds, six and eight-pence," said Mrs. Monro triumphantly.

"Why didn't you send the Watchmakers' Orphans a check, dear? It would have been so much less trouble and expense."

"Perhaps it would, but think of the enjoyment we should have missed!"

And that saying seems to sum up the reason for a good deal of fashionable charity.

CHAPTER VIII.

"I am going to have a good time for once in my life," said Valerie to herself as she sat by her mother in the motor which was taking them to the Mertons' dance. "After that, the deluge."

She had murmured the last words half-aloud, and her mother turned to her.

"What are you thinking about, Valerie, child?" she asked. "You look so sober."

Mrs. Monro was a little perturbed that day. Zoe Wayson's engagement to Lord Matlock had been announced, and Zoe was six months younger than Valerie. Besides, Valerie had been so stubborn and queer recently. She seemed was not quite herself.

"Why—I don't know," temporized Valerie. "At least I wasn't thinking about Zoe Wayson."

"I daresay not," returned Mrs. Monro with a little bad temper. "All the same, I think it is time you followed her example."

"Oh, mother!" said Valerie, "I'm not tottering yet." She turned to her father. "You don't want to get rid of me yet, do you, Jonathan?"

"Certainly not to a Lord Matlock," said Monro. "I don't know what Wayson is about to allow such a thing."

"It is Mrs. Wayson," said Valerie. "It's always the cr-ruel mothers."

"That is nonsense," disclaimed Mrs. Monro almost sharply. "Nowadays girls choose for themselves."

"And quite right, too," said Monro.

"It is right in this case. I don't believe it is right, however, to let a girl throw herself away on a man because he happens to be six feet high and has a straight nose."

Valerie laughed. "I don't propose to select my husband by the yard, mother dear," she said, "so you needn't look so reproachfully at me. We've arrived, I think—isn't that the Mertons' awning?"

Denzil Merton had made up his

mind once for all to ask Valerie to marry him. She had been so much kinder to him of late that he could not bear the situation longer. If she said "No" definitely to-night, he would break with his present life, and travel. If she said "Yes"—but beyond that point he did not dare to look.

Valerie was radiant, and his heart leaped at the sight of her bright head shining in the throng. He would ask her after their last dance.

She was kind to him again to-night, and they danced together, although Denzil usually sat out his dances. Just as the music came to a close Sinclair arrived, and they both smiled at him. He looked very happy and triumphant, as if the concert had been a success. But he wore the little conquering air that always made Valerie rebellious, as he took her card and put his name down deliberately for three dances. He was about to give it back to her when he again drew the card back from her extended fingers.

"I have been too moderate," he said gravely. "I am going to take four," and calmly wrote his initials again on the flimsy bit of painted cardboard.

She looked at him measuringly under her lashes—the woman-look at the man—but she did not protest. She was in the mood to be conquered to-night, the mood when a woman wants to feel that the man is stronger than she, and she gave him his extra dance with a demure air of submission that was very charming.

He came to claim her presently, and they danced together without exchanging a single word. Yet when it was ended, she felt that she knew him far better after the dance than she had before; and she knew in some mysterious way that he cared, too.

"That was splendid!" he said, as the cessation of the music left them standing on the polished floor, the surge and swing of the waltz still in their feet, and color in their cheeks. "You dance like a nymph—I can feel that you are alive to your finger tips."

She looked up at him demurely. Tall as she was, he towered over her by a head. "I beg your pardon," she drawled in quaint imitation of the Duchess of Northshire, "but—have I ever—been introduced—to you?"

For a second he stared, and then laughed out boyishly. "'Pon my word, I don't know," he admitted. "You never seem like the same girl twice. Do you feel it, too?"

She nodded. "You're just as different! This dance gave me a whole new idea of you—and the sunny part of it is that I can't tell how."

He had led her away to a quiet backwater of the ball-room, sheltered behind palms. They sat screened from

the throng, and Valerie felt a curious sense of companionship.

"I never thought you would really give me that dance," he said. "You were tremendously high and mighty about it. Why?"

"Oh—I hardly knew you."

"That isn't so. You knew me—well."

"I'd met you only twice."

"What of that?" he demanded. "Acquaintance isn't a matter of bows and flourishes and cups of tea. Why, you knew me before you knew my name—at Lohengrin. Do you know, I'll never sing that part again without seeing your ghost?"

"My ghost? Really? But that's very flattering. Do you always manage your compliments to ladies so well?"

He looked at her and laughed.

"Now I thought you were going to be sincere with me—the British Columbia girl."

She was instantly remorseful. "I am," she confessed. "At least, I meant to be. I'm sorry—but it's awfully hard to be a British Columbia girl in this feathers-and-flub-dub." She made a pretty open-hand gesture towards the crowd.

"Well, then, say you know I meant it."

"Yes—I knew. But it seems to me you are surprisingly domineering this evening."

He ignored that. "I think you'll always be a ghost to me," he said musingly. "It's curious how I picked you out of that audience,—and I'm usually so intent on my part, too."

"Tell me about it," she bade him. "I mean about the stage, and what kind of life you really live. That is your real one, isn't it? This is just a sort of *entr'acte* for you?"

"Yes. I suppose it amuses me because it is all so new—and after all, I'm young yet, and I might as well have a good time while I've still got all my teeth. . . . Why, it's mostly hard work, back there. You've no idea how much trouble a throat is to you. I work over it, and then there's my hours of practice and learning new roles, and rehearsals—oh, it's no jest, I assure you."

"Are the—the other people nice?"

"Some of them, and some of them are pretty bad. Now there's Giuseppe. He was a donkey-driver, and the only thing he owns is his voice. Some fellow travelling in Italy heard him singing, and snapped him up and kept him hid away and taught him to produce properly, and people have gone mad about him. But you can imagine his conversation isn't highly developed. Baum, on the other hand, is a gentleman and a scholar."

"Is Mademoiselle de Beaunay—"



"I THINK YOU'LL ALWAYS BE A GHOST TO ME," HE SAID MUSINGLY. "IT'S CURIOUS HOW I PICKED YOU OUT OF THAT AUDIENCE AT LOHENGREN."

"Oh, she is charming. You ought to meet her. I meant to introduce you after the musicale the other day, but you had vanished with the lady mother. She has been no end good to me, and Maurice—that's her six-year-old—and I are real chums. I'm going to take him to Lord's to-morrow, and show him some larks."

"Do you mean she has a son?"

"Oh yes, four of them, only the baby is a girl, and she can sing already. You ought to hear her do *Musette*—it's too funny for words. Her husband is the violinist—you've heard de Beaunay, haven't you? He was playing here last season, but I don't think he will this year—he speaks English

audiences are not sympathetic enough, *trav're*. I think he is planning an American tour with some idea of enrapturing the savages."

Valerie laughed. "And what do you intend to do when the season is over?"

"I? Oh, I shall go to Scotland with Merton and have a little shooting." He laughed. "It sounds funny to me to listen to myself. You know, I'm so used to poverty that I find my success positively fascinating. I don't know what I shall do with all my money. My tobacco-jar is so full that I can't put another bit in it."

"You don't mean to say that you

Continued on page 344

Opening the New North

By Philip Scott Camsell

Illustrated from Photographs

THE New North,—what vision does this bring to you? Do you picture it a country where winter reigns through almost the entire year, with long, dark nights of intense cold, and howling blizzards which tie you to your fire-side?—or do you see, as I do, a land of boundless forest, mighty rivers, leaping rapids, a sportsman's paradise, a nature-lover's heaven, summer days of twenty hours, with a few hours of twilight—a mere apology for night? I look into the future and see populous cities, prosperous farms, lines of railway and steamers—another great daughter of the British Empire, made possible by the products of forest, lake, mine and soil.

The vast country north of Athabasca Landing (generally known as the North) was first penetrated by Peter Pond, in the year 1778. Hudson's Bay Company fur trading posts were soon after established and up to the present the Hudson's Bay Company have practically controlled this little-known land. With the advent of the railroad, new possibilities present themselves; instead of picturesque yolk boats are found modern steamers. The Indian has discarded his attire of moose skin, to adopt the second-hand clothing of the white man. Log huts dot the river banks, where previously teepees were the only habitation, and the time is not far distant when will come the complete subjection to civilization of this last North, where once the red man and Hudson's Bay factor held full sway.

Perhaps a short history of the occupation of the country by the Hudson's Bay should be given in an article of this nature, but the subject has been so thoroughly covered by Miss Laut and other writers of Hudson's Bay history, that it is hardly necessary.

To those seeking a holiday worth while, the trip from Athabasca Landing to Fort McPherson, near the mouth

of the Mackenzie, offers an outing of new and ever-varying enjoyment. Arriving at Athabasca Landing, the terminus of the Canadian Northern Railway, we find awaiting us a modern river steamer, owned by the Hudson's Bay Company, which takes us 170 miles down the river to Grand Rapids. En route we will pass the Pelican Rapids, and Wapiscow, where you will probably hear the story of the cannibal Indian who wooed and won a beautiful maiden, bringing her to his teepee on the bank of the river, near the Pelican Rapids, only to kill and devour her!

Here occurs a flow of natural gas, sufficient to supply all the cities of the Canadian prairie with cheap fuel and light. A short portage is necessitated over Grand Rapids, which is the worst

so well marked out that there has not been a serious accident in years.

Arriving at Fort McMurray we bid good-bye to the rapids. Fort McMurray has had something in the nature of a boom on account of the reported discovery of oil. Numbers of whites have squatted around the fort in the expectation of realizing fortunes from their holdings. They will tell you that Fort McMurray is destined to be one of the great cities of the north, in a few years. Who knows? it may be; wonderful things have happened to Western Canada in a few short years.

From Fort McMurray we take the Hudson Bay Company's steamer "Graham" for a three hundred mile run to Smith's Landing, crossing the

north west corner of Lake Athabasca, the autumn resort of countless millions of duck, geese and waxies.

Fort Chipewyan, the present metropolis of the North, situated in this corner of the lake, is a stopping-place. Here is located the stronghold of the Roman Catholic Church in the north,—the Bishop's Palace can be seen on a commanding site sur-

rounded by the convent, schools, etc. Fort Chipewyan is full of historic interest. The Fort existed in practically its present state, long before Chicago or any of the great cities of the United States middle west, were even thought of. Here the great northern explorers Mackenzie, Franklin and Back outfitted for their trips into the North. A glance at the old Hudson's Bay journal is not without its fascination; we open the book at random and read "Wednesday, May 23rd, 1827. To-day William McGillivray and Katherine Stewart, daughter of Chief Factor Alexander Stewart, were joined in Holy Wedlock by Captain John Franklin, R. N., Commander of the Land Arctic Expedition."

In all probability the Treaty Commission will be sitting at some one of



THE INDIANS AND ESKIMOS DEPEND LARGELY FOR FOOD ON THE HERDS OF CARIBOU. THIS PHOTOGRAPH OF SUCH A HERD NEAR CAREY LAKE WAS TAKEN BY J. B. TYRRELL IN 1893

of a series occurring at short intervals for about ninety miles, and the thrills experienced in traversing this rock strewn portion of the Athabasca is alone worth the trip. Many are the tales told of hair-breadth escapes, and sometimes alas, accidents, which have taken place. When the steamer was built on the Mackenzie it was necessary to take the machinery in via this route. Special boats were built and the most experienced boatmen engaged, but notwithstanding all precautions, the boat containing the boiler became unmanageable in a bad rapid and was completely wrecked, leaving the cargo a permanent fixture at the bottom of the Athabasca. The boatman won to shore on pieces of wreckage miles further down. At the present time, however, very little danger is experienced. The various channels have been

the Hudson's Bay Posts doling out the meagre pittance to the Indians, which is the outward and visible sign of their allegiance to His Majesty, King George. The Indian is of all men the most improvident and spends his treaty money within a few hours with the independent trader and Hudson's Bay Company; it is a case of "the early bird catches the worm."

At Smith's Landing we find ourselves confronted with a sixteen mile drive to circumvent a series of bad rapids on the Slave River,—this being the name of the outlet from Athabasca Lake.

A visit to the Mountain Rapid will amply repay the traveller who wishes to break his sixteen mile drive to Fort Smith.

Fort Smith is the Hudson's Bay Company headquarters of the Mackenzie River district, also of the Mounted Police. There you will probably experience the genial hospitality of the old company's Chief Factor, Mr. Brabant (in charge of the district), and I venture to say a slight shock will be the result of your first meeting. You have been expecting to see a bearded, moccasined fur-trader,—instead you will meet a typical modern successful business man, who might have just stepped out of a Wall Street broker's office.

We leave Fort Smith on the Hudson's Bay Company's steamer "Mackenzie River," and here is another surprise—modern in every respect, with all the comforts of home and registered at Lloyd's in the usual civilized manner. Down the river two hundred miles to Fort Resolution, passing through heavily timbered country we go, forest clad banks on either side. Twenty miles north of Fort Smith is Salt River, the repository of the finest table salt. Future generations will not want for this necessary adjunct to the larder.

Fort Resolution comes next, situated on Great Slave Lake,—it is the last place having any considerable settlement independent of the Hudson's Bay Company. A visit to the Roman Catholic Mission here is well worth while. From here across the Great Slave Lake to the mouth of the Mackenzie is a run of one hundred miles, passing Hay River Mission, the largest Church of England Mission in the north. Seventy-five miles north of the lake we reach Fort Providence, so named, I should imagine, on account of the incorrigible improvidence of the resident Indians. Here, the diet is fish from New Year's Day until one week after Christmas; true, the quality of the fish makes up to some extent for its ever presentness.

Now comes a realization of the mightiness of the Mackenzie. In some places the river is three miles



MEN OF THE VANISHING NORTH—ESKIMO ON THE LEFT, HALF-BREED IN THE MIDDLE AND TEXIAN INDIAN ON THE RIGHT—WHO ARE GIVING WAY TO THE COMING CIVILIZATION WITH THE STEEL.

wide with a five mile an hour current. What an opportunity for an ambitious bridge builder. Moose, deer and bear can be seen daily swimming the river from island to island, and sometimes when in need of fresh meat, the order goes forth to kill.

Fort Simpson is sighted ten miles away, a cluster of white-washed buildings resting on the highest point of an island at the junction of the Liard and Mackenzie Rivers. The river is here one and one-half miles wide. As a back-ground, pine clad hills rise to a height of perhaps 1,000 feet.

Fort Simpson is essentially a "has been." At one time headquarters of the Mackenzie River district, the capital of a million square miles of territory, it has degenerated to an outpost, but the old warehouses and fur storage buildings have their charms. There still can be seen the remains of a once splendid museum containing specimens of practically all the bird life of Northern Canada. In the old days of its splendor, the Fort was the annual rendezvous of all the Hudson's Bay heads of posts, and there was nothing slow or tame about the recreation indulged in.

At the mouth of the Nahanni River, one hundred miles north of Simpson, we get a close view of the Rockies, two outstanding peaks, at the foot of which the river appears to flow (although in reality fifteen miles away), being Mount Cammell and Mount Stand. At this point the river enters the Rockies and continues due north between two mighty ranges.

The grandeur of the scenery makes you wish you could do without sleep. You hate to miss any of it, and indeed if your constitution will permit the banishment of Morpheus, you will not have to complain of the absence of Sol. He stays in the heaven for eighteen or

twenty hours and for the balance of the time is so near the horizon that you can read by his light all night. As you sit in your steamer chair just as you would when travelling from Toronto to Montreal on the R. & O., the captain happens along.

"Do you see that shack on the next point? There is the scene of one of our northern tragedies. Four years ago, two prospectors made this their winter camp. Along about January, one of them was attacked by scurvy, through a lack of variety of food. The other was unsympathetic and unwilling to help his stricken comrade. The result was a quarrel and you know how every little incident assumes huge proportions under circumstances such as these, in fact this proneness to magnify supposed wrongs is one of the things to guard against in the North, where necessity compels a close companionship. In the early spring, Indians coming down the river in canoes called at the shack and on opening the door, found the dead bodies of both prospectors. They had been dead for months—the sick man a murderer and suicide. His diary tells the tale, and which of us who has never lived through an Arctic winter with one companion will presume to judge him?"

Not the least part of your enjoyment will consist of listening to the tales of which the country is so full—ghost stories, legends, hunting and "fish" stories. The Arctic trails have their winter tales which make your blood run cold.

North and still north we go, passing Roche Trampe l'eau, an out-cropping of Devonian limestone rising sheer from the river to a height of 1,500 feet. Under the lee of Great Bear Rock we tie up for a short visit to Fort Norman.

A Sheaf of Asphodel

Ma Jolie Rose

By Cy Warman

EVER' night tam w'en I lay me down to sleep, I alway say, me,
 To le bon Dieu, ma bien aime, yus' before de eye is close,
 Holy Angel roun' 'er hover, m'sieur moon de white face cover—
 Mus'n' wake 'er, 'cause I love 'er—Dat's ma Rose, ma jolie Rose

Ever' morn I'm finish dreaming and de star is stop 'ees beaming,
 And de chanticleer is screaming, yus' for tol' de night is close;
 'Er sweet face—le bon Dieu bless 'er!—shine upon me from de dresser,
 An' my hunger eye caress 'er—Dat's ma Rose, ma jolie Rose.



ROSE WINTER

When I Am Laid Below the Hill

By W. D. Nesbit

WHEN I am laid below the hill
 I pray you, friend, that you shall not
 Increase my virtues, if you will,
 Nor let my faults be all forgot.
 But think of me as with you yet,
 The good and bad there is of me—
 For truly I shall not forget
 In whatsoever place I be.

Nor tears, nor sighs, that I am dead;
 But rather that you sing and smile
 And tell some favored jest, instead,
 As though I heard you all the while—
 For I shall hear you, and shall see,
 And know if you be blithe or sad,
 For I shall keep and hold with me
 The golden moments we have had.

But you will miss me? Aye, forsooth,
 The very thing I'd have you do,
 For in that stranger land, in truth,
 I also shall be missing you.
 Yet life is such a goodly thing,
 Blent of the bitter and the sweet,
 That I would rather we should cling
 To all the gladness we may meet.

When I am laid below the hill,
 Go back as though I walked with you,
 And sing our brave old ballads still,
 And laugh as we are wont to do,
 Across the little gap that bars
 I shall take this fair memory—
 And you the other side the stars
 Will then still be the friend of me.

The Oldest Land

By Arthur B. Watt

I STOOD on a Laurentian ridge to-day
 And gazed afar o'er river, plain and hill.
 "A great new land!"—so ran my thought until
 A school-book wonder chanced in memory's way.
 When the abysmal depths of ocean lay
 O'er other continents, all formless still,
 These steeps of granite the eternal will
 Decreed should rise; in this snug little bay,
 Here at my feet, I see the earliest waves
 That ever beat against an earthly shore.
 No bird or beast within its shallows laves;
 Life there is none; aeons to pass before
 Man comes and, looking skyward, craves
 Creation's boundless mysteries to explore.

Quatrain

By John Duncan Howe

GLEAMING on the black ice, sparkling on
 the rime,
 Flashed the moon before us, rang our skates in time,
 Underneath the arching bridge, icy shadows lay,
 Ice—but her red mouth was warm as a rose in May.

The Living

By Arthur Wallace Peach

DOWN the street I watch them go,
 Pass and repass to and fro,
 With beating heart and glancing eye,
 Feet whose pacing brings them by,
 Then where my view the buildings hide,
 They go from sight on either side.

So briefly in the light of day
 We come from birth to toil and play;
 We hurry down the streets of life,
 Then at death's corner no more seen,
 We are as all that once have been.

The London Life Insurance Co.

Head Office, - London, Canada

ANNUAL REPORT FOR 1913 SHOWS BEST YEAR IN ALL DEPARTMENTS

New Business Written, Gain in Business in Force and Increase in Surplus Largest in Company's History.

Increase in Rate of Interest Earned. Decrease in Rate of Mortality, Expense and Lapse.

Profits to Policyholders One-third Greater Than Estimates.

REVENUE ACCOUNT.

RECEIPTS.

Premiums, "Industrial and Ordinary"	\$ 1,034,816 77
Interest on Investments	261,023 8
	\$ 1,295,840 65

DISBURSEMENTS.

Paid Policyholders or Heirs.	\$ 321,250 62
All other Disbursements	416,687 66
Balance to Investment Account.	557,902 37
	\$ 1,295,840 65

BALANCE SHEET.

ASSETS.

Mortgages, Debentures and Stocks	\$ 4,037,283 73
Loans on Policies and other Invested Assets	369,673 81
Outstanding and Deferred Premiums	119,675 90
Interest Due and Accrued	119,061 75
	\$ 4,645,695 19

LIABILITIES.

Reserve on Policies in Force	\$ 4,226,162 00
Accumulating and Accruing Profits	94,255 00
Special Reserve and other Liabilities	99,177 50
Surplus on Policyholders' Account	226,110 69
	\$ 4,645,695 19

This is to certify that I have made a full audit of the Books and Accounts of the London Life Insurance Company for the year 1913. Access to all books and papers has been freely given me.

All Journal Entries are of a proper character and all payments have been verified by vouchers therefor.

The Securities have been examined and found complete and in good order. The Actuary has duly certified the Policy Reserve Liability.

The above Statement is a correct showing of the Company's business for 1913 and agrees with their books.

London, January 28th, 1914.

JAMES McMILLAN, C.A., Auditor.

THE ANNUAL REPORT EMBRACES THE FOLLOWING PARTICULARS:

NEW BUSINESS.—Applications for insurance amounting to \$8,828,189.60 were accepted and policies issued therefor, an increase over 1912 of \$622,110.60.

INSURANCE IN FORCE.—The insurance in force on the Company's books at the close of the year aggregated, after deducting all re-insurances, \$27,118,375 02, an increase of \$3,853,544 19 for the year. The lapse rate for the year showed a considerable decrease and the surrender values applied for were actually less than in the previous year, notwithstanding the stringent financial conditions existing during 1913.

INCOME.—The total Premium and Interest Receipts of the year were \$1,295,840.65, an increase over the previous year of \$161,367.92.

MORTALITY.—The actual mortality loss was less than in the previous year, notwithstanding the large increase in business. The ratio under Ordinary policies of actual to expected loss during the year was only 32.8 per cent.—a remarkably favorable experience.

PROFITS.—The exceedingly liberal scale adopted a year ago for apportionment of profits to participating Ordinary

Policyholders has been continued and exceeds by one-third original estimates under present rates.

ASSETS AND INTEREST.—The Company's assets, consisting mainly of first mortgages on Real Estate, amount to \$4,645,695.19, an increase of \$586,319.06. All debentures have been written down to the low market value prevailing at 31st December last. The rate of interest earned, without allowance for Head Office rental, was 6.81 per cent. on the Insurance Department's basis of computation.

LIABILITIES. Seventy-two per cent. of all the Company's business is now being valued on a 3 per cent. basis, the remaining twenty-eight per cent. being valued on a 3½ per cent. basis. The total reserve on all business in force amounts to \$4,226,162.00.

SURPLUS.—Calculating the Liabilities on the basis called for by the Insurance Act, the Surplus on Policyholders' Account is \$608,556.31. Deducting from this the amount required to raise the reserve to the Company's own standard, to provide for profits earned under all participating policies to date of statement, and sums provided in various funds for special purposes, the net Surplus is \$226,110.69.

JOHN McCLARY, President.
J. C. RICHTER, Manager
J. F. MAINE, Supervisor, "Industrial" Agencies.

DR. A. O. JEFFERY, K.C., Vice-President
E. E. REID, Assist. Manager and Actuary.
W. H. ROBINSON, Inspector, "Ordinary" Agencies.



The Wonder of Exploded Grains

Those bubble-like grains of Puffed Wheat or Puffed Rice result from a curious process.

Nature stored in each kernel a hundred million food granules. Each granule enclosed a mere atom of moisture.

Sealed up in guns, in terrific heat, those atoms of moisture are changed to steam. Then the guns are shot and the steam explodes. A separate explosion occurs in each granule—a hundred million explosions in each grain.

Thus every food granule is blasted to pieces, so digestion can instantly act. Whole grains in this way are made wholly digestible. That never was done before.

The grains are puffed to eight times normal size. Each becomes a wilderness of thin, crisp, toasted walls. The result is fragile, dainty morsels with a taste like toasted nuts.

Never were grains so well fitted for food—never made so delightful—as they are by this curious, costly process invented by Prof. Anderson.

Puffed Wheat-10¢
Puffed Rice-15¢

Except in extreme West.

Let Your Folks Enjoy Them.

Here are two cereals, entirely different in taste. And each can be served both as food and confection.

Serve with sugar and cream, or mixed with fruit. Or serve like crackers, floating in bowls of milk. Use like nut meats in home candy making, or as garnish to ice cream.

They will add delight to a thousand meals when you find them out. Order them now. Let your folks enjoy them.

The Quaker Oats Company

Sole Makers.

That Awful Model

Continued from page 319.

Keith Knowles did not want to be an illustrator of real people in modern costume. He wanted to be a mural decorator and paint ideal figures in ancient costume, or in the original costume.

He had devised a scheme for an immortal fresco and submitted his cartoons in a competition. The working out of the idea and the composition and the color plan had absorbed him day and night for weeks. He had gone without food, without sleep, immured in the rocky fastness of his idea like an anchorite.

It was to recuperate from this ordeal that he had come to the beach, only to drag a new excitement from the sea. In her presence, he adored May Smallwood. Away from her, his ambitions told him that she was a siren, the loving, alluring type that decoys the wild searovers of art to the shoals of domesticity, the wreck-strewn, hollow sands of platitude.

He could escape an honorable proposal only by a dishonorable flight. So he flew, left the seashore suddenly—"between two days"—and abandoned her to her four other fiancées, for whom she cared so little now.

When the fall exhibition came round, Knowles could be forgiven perhaps for lurking in the environs of his painting to hear what people thought of his work. He had sent three canvases, a portrait of a woman in a ball costume, a portrait of a general in full uniform, and a picture of a nymph—also in full uniform. To his delight, the nymph was the one accepted.

As he edged near his painting one day, trying to look like a mere spectator and eavesdropping for every comment, he saw among the mob May Smallwood. She was all eyes, all adoration, and she had sunk on the double-backed bench before the Nymph. Accompanying her was a somewhat older woman whose back hair, bonnet, and black neck frill proclaimed her staid. This was what Knowles managed to overhear:

"What I started to say, Mrs. Lathrop, was that only an impure mind can see anything impure in such a subject."

"May Smallwood, do you mean to say that my mind is imp— Why, I never was so insulted in my life."

"Oh, I don't mean to reflect on your character, Mrs. Lathrop."

"I should hope not, Miss Smallwood—imp— Why! Let me ask you one thing. Do you realize that a woman posed for that—just like that?"

"Of course I realize it. Haven't I read 'Trilby'? Wasn't she the dearest thing that ever lived?"

"What is it, Keith, dear—" the sound of this had a morning sweetness—"are you ill?"

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That's why millions of mothers, all the world over, serve Quaker Oats to children. They do this to foster the love of oatmeal. Then the food children need, beyond all else, becomes the wanted dish.

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For Quaker Oats we pick out only the big, richly-flavored grains. A bushel of the choicest oats yields only ten pounds of Quaker.

Thus you get in Quaker just the big, luscious flakes. And you get a flavor which has won the world. Because of that flavor, a billion dishes of Quaker Oats are consumed each year.

Yet Quaker Oats cost no more than others. Simply say "Quaker," then, at

no extra trouble, no extra price, you get the utmost in oatmeal.

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package, for
smaller cities
and country
trade, 25c.**

Except in the
extreme West



Look for the
Quaker trade-mark
on every package

The Quaker Oats Company

(519)

Sole Makers

"No, dearest, but I've got wonderful news. Did I rout you out of bed?"

"Well—that is—I'm not dressed yet."

"Neither am I—I'm in my pyjama—that is, I'm not dressed yet, either. She blushed at the prematurely intimate situation. "But a letter came by the first mail, and what do you suppose—"

"What?"

"My design wins the first prize. I get a thousand dollars in cash—and the commission."

"No!"

"Yes! Look, here's the letter!" And he held it up to the telephone for her to see.

"It's glorious, wonderful, heavenly!" she commented, and he cried in a tone that must have hurt the blissfully listening Central's ears:

"You see you've brought me luck already. We can get married at once—and live happily ever afterwards. Have you told your mother yet about our engagement?"

Well, no, she was asleep when you left last night, and neither of us is up yet, but I'll tell her—heavens, she's coming now! Goodbye, sweetheart"; then, coldly, for her mother's ear, "Good-bye!" And she hung up the receiver.

"What in heaven's name are you doing?" the mother exclaimed.

"Telephoning Mr. Knowles!"

"At this hour! In that costume!"

"Well, you see—oh, mother, please come to my room and get into bed with me. My feet are frozen and I've got so much to tell you."

The central idea of Knowles' fresco was nothing remarkable; the basic ideas of the works of genius rarely are. It is the structures they rear upon them, the odd twists, the personality that fumes through them like an incense sweetening a chapel.

Keith Knowles was explaining his design to three persons deeply interested—Mr. and Mrs. and Miss Smallwood.

"You see, the problem of the decoration is to fresco the ceiling and upper walls of an octagonal room. On each of the eight sides I planned three panels—twenty-four in all. That suggested the Hours—you see?" They saw. "Well, then the idea occurred to me to represent each of the Hours by a realistic typical scene, and over each scene to have a figure representing that Hour, hovering in the domed ceiling. So you see I combine the real and the ideal.

"Noon, there, represents the laborer eating from his dinner pail; one o'clock is the school children coming home; two o'clock is the reapers toiling under the hot sun; eleven at night is the

hallroom; three o'clock is the watchdog warning off the thief; four o'clock is the astronomer watching the morning star, and so on."

"It's perfectly wonderful," gasped May as she pressed his arm.

"It kind of gets me," said Mr. Smallwood, and Mrs. Smallwood said:

"It certainly is nice. The Hours don't seem to have much on, though, do they? They are supposed to be—do you say nyude or nood?"

"Either or both," said Knowles.

Mr. Smallwood cleared his throat, and tried to look casual:

"Ahem. Did you paint them, my boy, from—er—models?"

"No, not those sketches."

To her surprise, May breathed deeply. He went on: "Of course I shall use models for the real work."

If he had been less absorbed in his theme he would have noted a little loosening of the little hand clasping his arm; he would have heard a little gasp. Somehow, it made a difference now that the artist belonged to her.

Knowles was eager to have the marriage consummated for two reasons. The other reason was that he wanted to begin the honeymoon before he broke into the thousand-dollar check.

The only fault he found with the journey they took into Eden was the surprising volatility of cash when two young souls were spending it. The only thing that marred her rapture was the obstinacy with which his mind recurred to his work. The moment she left him he relapsed into sketches. The long silences of blissful reverie for her were sure to end in some sudden allusion by him to the March of the Hours.

She wanted to scream whenever he broached the subject. And sometimes she did. Her vexation surprised him and his surprise vexed her. And he learned the amazing capabilities of a pretty little lake for developing violent squalls.

Eventually they returned and settled down to the more or less lyrical prose of married life in a small apartment with an ebbing bank account.

One day he came home late to dinner. He was too radiant to apologize. He drew sketches on the tablecloth and rubbed them out with breadcrumbs.

"Great news, my love," he said. "I dropped in at Will Moore's studio. He was just finishing a stunning statuette called 'Repentant Eve.' I saw the model—the's wonderful, heroic figure, superb lines, really correct proportions, and such hair."

"You saw her posing, as as her apron clicked on her soup plate."

"Yes, she's just what I want for the Eleventh Hour. She'll do for several. Moore said he didn't need her any longer, so I engaged her at once. Her



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name is Rebecca Kabelitz, but she doesn't look it. She is to be at the studio at nine to-morrow. Isn't that splendid?"

"Splendid—you needn't wait, Christina." This to the Swedish maid, who would never have done for any of the Hours. When the maid was gone, May narrowed her eyes and breathed hard and tried to be calm.

"Keith Knowles, do you mean that that creature—that woman—is coming to your studio—to pose as—as—like the sketch?"

"Yes, dearest, and I'm mighty lucky to get her."

She almost swooned. She clutched

the tablecloth and the silver jumped. Startled by her pallor, he hurried to her side.

"What's the matter, honey?"

She broke from him and ran out of the room. He followed along the narrow hall. She flung herself on the frail, installment divan and it creaked with her sobs. Her anguish filled him with anguish. He knelt by her, gathered her into his arms, promised her that he would dismiss the model, send her word not to come. The ferocity of his wife's love delighted him in that mood. He loved her for her passionate jealousy told himself that he would have hated

Continued on page 335.

"Spreads
Like
Butter"

ALWAYS FRESH

No other is NEARLY as good as

Ingersoll Cream Cheese

YOU will like its
characteristic
flavor and rich
"creaminess."

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want a "lamp-
shade" dress
—but you do
want your
clothes to be
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charming
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The Right Angle



THE BOOK TABLE

ONE of the pleasant things that are
counted among the perquisites of
an editorial desk is the new book.
Generally, it arrives when you are too
busy to do more than glance at it, and
lay it with your hat to be your com-
panion on the journey home. Some-
times, it is so fascinating in the bravery
of its new cover, its well-disposed
typography and its broad margins that
you drop whatever not-too-urgent duty
is fending Satan away from your soul,
and plunge into its chapters with relish.

Warwick Carpenter's "Winter Camp-
ing" arrived at such a moment. Out-
side, a leisurely, feathery snow was
falling from a fluffy grey sky, flake by
untroubled flake. The street was
white with it, the lamps in the tall
office buildings twinkled their orange
points of flame through the storm. It
was just the day to bring to mind the
snowy woods of Ontario, laced with
mysterious trails of fox and rabbit and
lynx, crossed with frozen lake and
stream, brilliant under the winter sun.

The winter vacation is growing more
and more the fashion. Those who
have tried it will find in Mr. Car-
penter's book the flavor of reminiscence,
and hints for the future. Those
who have never tried it, will find
practical details of camp and kit and
behavior, ranging from how to select
a snowshoe to a receipt for keeping a
cold nose warm. Mr. Carpenter is an
experienced woodsman, and what he
says may be taken for truth, 99-4/
100% pure. (Outing Publishing Com-
pany, New York.)

"Within the Mind Maze," by Edgar
Lucien Larkin, the director of Lowe
Observatory, deals with the law of
mind as the creator and governor of
all world activities. The author com-
mends it "to all good and progressive
men and women who believe that by
studying Mind, discovering its laws
and applying them to human better-
ment, the career of man on earth could
be greatly improved, and that the

appalling errors of war, alcohol, op-
pression, injustice, crime and poverty
can be abolished, together with a large
proportion of disease, pain and un-
happiness." Many curious and inter-
esting things are discussed in Mr.
Larkin's book, and it forms a note-
worthy addition to the many systems
of philosophy by which man has
endeavored to explain to himself the
universe and his own presence therein.
(Standard Printing Co., Los Angeles,
Cal.)

We knew Walter Noble Burns
(christened "Pat II" in Calgary) as a
sober and self-respecting Sunday editor
of a big metropolitan newspaper, and
a good fellow. About the last thing
we expected of him was a foolhardy,
light-hearted, impulsive participation
in an Adventure. Sunday editors'
business is to tell stories, not live them.
Yet that is precisely what he did, and
we will let him tell it in his own words.

"When the brig Alexander sailed out of San
Francisco on a whaling voyage, I was a member
of her fore-castle crew. Once outside the
Golden Gate, I felt the swing of blue water
under me for the first time in my life. I was
not shanghaied. Let's have that settled at
the start. I had shipped as a green hand
before the mast for the adventure of the thing,
because I wanted to go, for the glamor of the
sea was upon me.

I was taking breakfast in a San Francisco
restaurant when, in glancing over the morning
paper, I chanced across this adverti-

Wanted—Men for a whaling voyage: se-
amen, ordinary seamen, and green hands.
No experience necessary. Big money for a
lucky voyage. Apply at Levy's, No. 12 Wash-
ington Street. Until that moment, I had
never dreamed of going to sea, but that small
advertisement laid its spell upon my imagination.
I gulped down my eggs and coffee, and
was off for the street called Washington."

Adventure had him by the throat,
and a few days later he was actually
off for a year in the Arctic, in pursuit
of the bowhead whale and the fortunes
of deep waters. The Alexander wal-
lowed through hurricanes, traded with
the natives, bumped on ice-floes, and
caught her share of bowhead whales.
Through good and ill fortune—Mr.

Burns came to be known as the "ship's lawyer"—he stuck to the brig, and his story, "A Year With a Whaler," is the story of personal adventure and observation, perhaps a last first-hand glimpse of a dying industry and of the life it entails upon the men who follow it. (Outing Publishing Co., New York, \$2.00.)

BREAD AND GAMES

THE old Romans who shouted for "Panem et circenses" were right. Three meals a day are undoubtedly necessary, but some relaxation for the spirit is just as powerful a need.

The legislature of Saskatchewan has recognized this officially, and travelling libraries are to be organized, which will reach the rural settlements of the province and give the homesteaders access to the treasury of books.

City folk do not realize the avidity with which anything printed is sought in the rural settlements,—the mind-hunger of those isolated during the winter on the monotony of the shack kitchen. The travelling library will be a wholesome institution and many a homesteader will rise up to call it blessed.

THE ALASKA RAILWAY

THE road for the Alaska Railway has this time of writing passed both houses of the United States Congress, and there remains only the securing of the signature of the President.

In view of the fact that the Canadian government built the telegraph through the Yukon and that the Military Police cut the trail through to Dawson at a time that the United States had something officially to announce about the trail, it is certainly the common sense of rail transportation in Alaska will undoubtedly mean a routing of traffic through Canadian territory, and a new market for Central British Columbia.

TEMPERAMENT

OUR private opinion is that musicians are queer birds. We have watched the spotlight glow upon Mary Garden and listened to her in delight. We have also observed her walk through a role when the spotlight did not shine upon her and her artistic temperament refused to emit a single high-priced sparklet. We have seen visions and dreamed dreams when a great orchestra gathered brass and catgut and cunningly fashioned wood and silver together into a broad beautiful river of sound—and we have met that orchestra, guttural, garlic-scented, none too well washed, in the street-car after the heavenly performance was over. Perhaps washing might have spoiled their tone.

Recently, a musical friend and I were walking down the avenue past that sacred door where only the fiddle



In Spotless Town Professor Wise
Divides and adds and multiplies—
Subtracts the cost upon a slate
4 cleaning things from which he 8.
It shows good cents 2 figure so
The one-ders of

SAPOLIO

Will Sapolio

(1) CLEAN? ✓

(2) SCOUR? ✓

(3) POLISH? ✓

Answer—(1) YES. ✓

Show your maid how easily she can clean with Sapolio. Rub just the amount of Sapolio you need on a damp cloth.

Show her how quickly the Sapolio suds remove grease spots from the floor, table or shelves.

Answer—(2) YES. ✓

Sapolio quickly scours all stains and rust from steel kitchen knives—all grease from enamel ware.

Answer—(3) YES. ✓

Sapolio brilliantly polishes all metal surfaces—your faucets, aluminum, tin and other metal kitchen ware bathroom fixtures, etc.

Best of all, you know Sapolio cannot harm the smooth surfaces, or roughen your hands.

FREE SURPRISE FOR CHILDREN!

DEAR CHILDREN:

WE HAVE A SURPRISE FOR YOU. A TOY SPOTLESS TOWN—JUST LIKE THE REAL ONE, ONLY SMALLER IT IS 8 1/4 INCHES LONG. THE NINE (9) CUNNING PEOPLE OF SPOTLESS TOWN, IN COLORS, ARE READY, TO CUT OUT AND STAND UP. SENT FREE ON REQUEST.

Enoch Morgan's Sons Co., Sole Manufacturers
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Silver wrapper—
blue band



and the clarinet and their brethren may enter. Two men were in hot argument behind it, and on perceiving my companion, he kned him frantically within. I followed, an unnoted nobody. The air was vibrant with excited German and Italian.

What do you suppose it was about? Why, the Herr Professor Kapellmeister—the orchestra-leader—and his 'Cello Premo were in furious debate as to whether the door of the hallway squeaked A or A flat, and they had

called in my companion to act as referee. The dispute became *accelerando, con molto spirito*, the unlucky door was vibrated *prestissimo*—and then it all ended, suddenly as falls the stick of a rocket. The door did not emit any musical tone, they agreed. It was merely a noise. The dove of peace descended, cooing.

Not that they can't see fun in each other, and occasionally take a joke on themselves. Now there's the director of—let's call it the Orpheus Choral



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THE ARNOTT INSTITUTE BERLIN CAN

Society. He's a thin, dark little man who has nervous indigestion, and looks it. His god is technique, his tongue a two-edged sword, and his conductor's baton a vibrant streak of forked lightning. Not simply does he use it to mark the tempo, when his three hundred voices gather together and rise triumphant before him. With it, he starts and stops the parts. With it, he expresses his varying emotions. With it, the irreverent say, he larrups any unlucky tenor who sings a quarter of a tone flat. That stick is harder to follow than the wings of a homing bee.

When there is a public performance, the Haydn orchestra accompanies the choral society, and the Orpheus' director conducts both. After a recent rendition, the first violin of the Haydn formally congratulated the director. But he shook his head sadly.

"Some of you men have a grudge against me," said he.

The first violin was amazed, shocked, incredulous. "But Meester Director, we haf no grudge," he disclaimed. "We like you. Why iss it that you dink sooch dings?"

The director was obdurate. "Yes," he insisted. "You have a grudge. The Haydn orchestra never will follow my beat."

The first violin beamed. "Iss dot all!" he exclaimed. "Listen, Meester Director, we like you. But some day maybe we don't like you. Some day, maybe, we haf a grudge against you. Undt den—" he bent forward oracularly—"undt den, we follow your beat."

FISHERMEN

THAT Canadians should be the winners in the fishing contest carried on by Field and Stream, the American sportsman's magazine, is not especially strange. We have a skilled and patient race of anglers in Canada—there is something about the sport that seems peculiarly adapted to the Scotch temperament.

This year, the winner of the grand prize for lake trout is Dr. Skinner, of Guelph, who made his catch in Ragged Lake, one of the sheets of water sparkling among the trees of Algonquin Park. Thirty-three inches in length, seventeen and a half in girth, weighing seventeen pounds, it holds valid title as grandfather of innumerable troutlets, disputed only by that never-to-be-equalled biggest fish that got away. The St. Lawrence produced the winner of the ladies' grand prize for maskinonge.

About this time of year the fly-book comes out in good Canadian households, and the Silver Doctor, the Royal Coachman, the White Moth and the gay Parmacheene Belle undergo a great repairing and receive strange additions to their ranks. The pussy-

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the number of good things to be had from KNOX SPARKLING GELATINE and KNOX ACIDULATED GELATINE (LEMON FLAVOR)

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With the ACIDULATED package try this new way of making



Veal Loaf

Soak 1 envelope of Knox Acidulated Gelatin and 1/2 cup water in cold water 5 minutes. Add 1/2 cup water and 1 stalk of celery to 1 pint of water. Scalded and after boiling a few minutes strain through a fine sieve. Add 1/2 cup of chopped celery and 1/2 cup of chopped carrots and 1/2 cup of chopped onion and 1/2 cup of chopped parsley and 1/2 cup of chopped mushrooms.

Recipe Book FREE

Send 12c. for a PIN! SAMPLE for 2 cent stamp and grocer's name.

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willows may not have ventured out a single gray nose, the first robin may be still eating rice in Louisiana marshes, the hurdy-gurdy man, muffled in overcoats, may be tending a hot-chestnut stand in a sheltered corner without a single stirring urge to the high-road—but when the fly-book scatters its contents over the library table and the housemaid catches her sacrilegious dustrag—serve her tight—in a particularly cherished Brown Hackle, Spring isn't very far away.

That Awful Model

Continued from page 331.

her if she had felt otherwise, told her so, and at last moved her from tears to joy by the tribute of surrender.

They went to the theater in a taxi, and, being late, bought seats from a speculator. Afterwards they had a good supper and rode home in a taxi. The honeymoon waxed again to the full. He was spending his money once more like a lover, not like a husband.

The next daybreak was cold and cynical and it found Knowles awake and frightened. What was this pretty enemy that had stolen into his heart to help him and once installed, had branded his ambition as a thing to hate and not to enthrone?

He thought hard. The great work to be done was not to be done. The fame and the money?—no! They were for others—for the unmarried men, or the men who had had the luck to choose helpmates instead of hurt-meets.

Then her beauty and her love appealed to him like a prayer murmured in sleep. She and her love were worth more than all the emoluments of ambition. He was a brute to set his fantastic ideas above her happiness.

And then the majesty of his great painting swept over him again. He must achieve it or die. He was bound to it, by contract with the commissioners, by contract with his Maker, and not least of all, by need of the money for the eternal bills.

He decided that he would accustom his bride gradually to the necessities of his trade. He would paint other portions of his fresco, the clothed figures, the nude men, the animals, the landscapes. In time she would partake of his zeal, and understand. Entranced by this new vista, he fell asleep at last. He had made the first compromise between love and ambition.

That morning he began on one of the scenes from real life, an old man and a child. May was appeased by her victory as a proof of his love, and she spent hours at the studio to cheer him along. But it was one thing to wish to paint and another to paint. He could not be inspired to her order. When she chattered "Cheer up," he wanted to throw something at her. And his mind soared always to those beautiful figures of the Hours.

For weeks he went from one panel to another, rearranging, sketching in, and swabbing out, dismissing models furiously, cursing his paints, altering his sketches, losing all impetus.

Every now and then he took up the subject again with May. It was always the signal for tears and storms of anger. One day he went so far as to make sketches for the Hours in flowing robes. But to his artist soul this truckling to prudery was more

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Oliver Plows



THE group of Oliver plows built for Eastern Canada includes walking plows, three-wheel sulky plows, high and low lift gang plows, walking gangs, hill-side plows, riding cultivators, and walking gang plows. Each of these is built for a certain purpose, and is the best plow obtainable for that particular purpose.

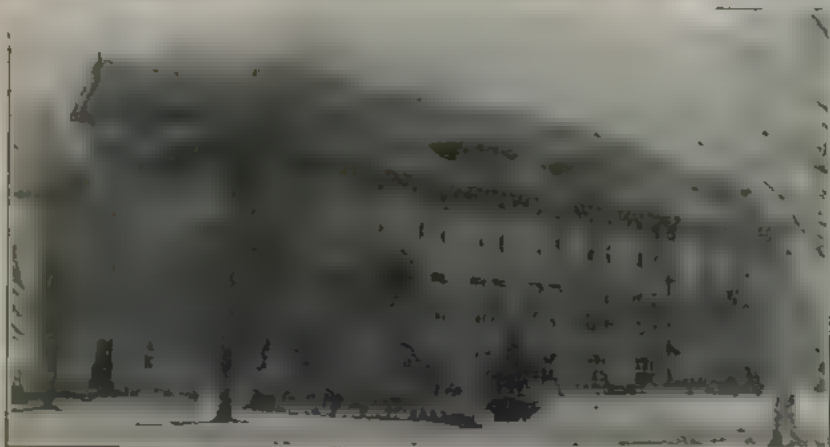
Back of the whole group is the fifty-nine years of successful plow experience of the Oliver Plow Works. This experience eliminates everything in the way of chance. You do not have to experiment with Oliver plows.

Go to the I H C local agent and tell him what kind of plowing you have to do, and he will sell you an Oliver plow built to do that kind of work and do it in the best possible manner. You can get catalogues and full information of the entire Oliver line from him, or, if you prefer, write the nearest branch house.

International Harvester Company of Canada, Ltd

At Brandon, Calgary, Edmonton, Estevan, Hamilton, Lethbridge, London, Montreal, N. Battleford, Ottawa, Quebec, Regina, Saskatoon, St. John, Winnipeg, Yorkton

Oliver plows are built at Hamilton, Ont.



This New Husbandry Building at Guelph O. A. C. is Roofed with ASBESTOSLATE

The Ontario Agricultural College is justly proud of this splendid building. It was erected according to the plans of the Provincial Architect, at a cost of between \$65,000 and \$70,000—part of a Federal Grant for the promotion of Agriculture.

The selection of ASBESTOSLATE for the roof of such a building is another official recognition of the superiority of this fireproof, handsome and practically indestructible roofing. Write for particulars, prices and Booklet, M. 10.

Asbestos Manufacturing Company, Limited

Address E. T. Bask Bldg., 263 St. James Street, Montreal
Factory at Lachine, P. Q. (near Montreal)

indecent than any flesh. He reverted to his original idea. Fortified by long success, May grew firm. She positively refused permission.

Suddenly he said: "Then will you pose for me?" Her first glare was enough and he longed to recall the query that brought down on him an avalanche beginning with a gasp:

"Would you put the portrait of your wife up on a wall like that? Would you?"

"I take it back. Don't say any more."

But that was easier said than secured. When May had ended her tirade, half a day had gone by with nothing but a quarrel achieved. He gave up the whole scheme in disgust with himself and his trade. He felt himself a little lower than the lowest in her eyes, and a martyr in his own. When a husband begins to crown himself a martyr, it is time for the wife to consider. Self-crowned martyrs are capable of doing anything and calling it divine.

Meanwhile that thousand dollars was gurgling out of the bank with the doleful sough of the last water in a bathtub. For cash sake, Keith accepted some commissions from the art editors who had found that young women liked the illustrations marked "K. K.," the popular He and She pictures in which both He and She were so well built and so faultlessly tailored.

And still May was not satisfied. Keith had to have models for the women in the illustrations. May, used for some, but she could not fit all the types. She hated to leave him alone. The women were draped, but they were women. She sat in his studio disturbing the models by her contemptuous chaperonage, and killing his moods by an atmosphere of suspicion that chilled what enthusiasm he could muster.

One morning, as he idled modelless in his studio, trying to paint something in and painting everything out, his eye was caught by the sketches for the March of the Hours. The unfinished figures seemed to writhe, pleading to be born. The pygmies implored him to give them the life, the growth, the immortality of which they were the unplanted seed.

His wife sat in a sun-showered Florentine chair, cozy as a kitten, purring with contentment and thinking no whit of the big and little torments wringing his soul.

He shook his head in despair, and was moved to think aloud:

"If I'd known that you could change so, May, I—I'd never have married you."

She followed the look of his eyes, and understood at once:

"Oh! so you married me because

you thought I would tamely submit to any indecency you wanted to put on canvas?"

"I don't put indecencies on canvas, honey. I married you because I loved you. And I loved you because I thought you understood me."

"Oh, I understand you, never fear!"

"No you don't, honey. You think you do but you don't. Suspicion is sometimes more childish [than confidence.] You give a foolish false meaning to the truest things in life. Just look at this plan for the fresco! See how big it is—how many things it includes."

He spread the whole mass on the floor and the words poured from him in a tumultuous plea:

"See, the women are only a small part of the whole idea. There are men, too, and children, animals, buildings, clouds, stars, flowers, streets, and waves, and—a little of everything. I see them all alike—clothes make no difference. If they're there I see through them. I feel the wonderful outlines under them. I see all life with the same eyes. The horses and cows—the texture of their coats—their place in the color scheme; their meaning, that's what I see. I needed a line there—a light colored mass—so I put in a woman's figure. Hand, foot, eye, ear, shoulder, knee—they're all details, all equal, all equally pure. God made them all or none."

"I want to paint things fearlessly, lovingly. I don't know why. I only know that it is what I want to do, what I've worked to do, what I've got to do, or die."

"These women—these models! When I'm painting them, I'm usually only cursing them for being out of drawing—for having coarse hides instead of luminous flesh, for having arms that don't match their eyes, for torsos that are gross or stunted. Or else I'm cursing myself for not being able to paint what I see, to paint in what I don't see but ought to see, and to leave out what doesn't belong. In heaven's name, don't be jealous of those models, honey. They're nothing to me but sketches, values, tones, textures. Don't deny me my life work, don't smother me, don't gag my very soul!"

He had poured out his heart in a Vesuvian lava, and she chilled it with a word:

"You shall not live with me and paint—hussies!"

He stared at her in a mute stupor. He had turned his soul inside out like a pocket to show her all its contents, how clean they were; and he might as well have unbosomed himself to a doll. He looked at her with horror. He felt that it was she, not himself, who was

(Continued on page 310)

MANITOBA

The Home of Mixed Farming -
The Market-Centre Province
of Western Canada

IF YOU
COME
WEST



As a common-sense business proposition, no man who is intending to take up a farm in Western Canada can afford to overlook Manitoba in picking his location.

Think for a moment. It is the Oldest Settled province, which is another way of saying that it has steadied down to a solid financial basis as the MARKET CENTRE for the entire West. Winnipeg is the Metropolis, and no matter how many spokes are placed in the Wheel of Progress—no matter how the rim is widened the Hub will still be the Hub. Winnipeg has got too much of a head start ever to be ousted from her present position.

The man whose farm is located in Manitoba, on Winnipeg's doorstep, has the shortest haul to market, the lowest railway rates, the best railway

service. It has been estimated that the difference in dollars and cents in actual saving to the Manitoba farmer in this connection ranges from \$1.80 to \$3.20 per acre per year.

Do you know that wheat is ripe in Manitoba about 18 days earlier than anywhere else, that oats are ripe from 10 to 20 days earlier, that barley is ripe from 11 to 22 days earlier? Do you see that this means the Manitoba crops are away to market before grain congestion clogs the transportation channels and while the market price is at the top?

Manitoba farming is farming under ideal natural conditions. No irrigation whatever. Yet the greatest rainfall comes after seeding, when it is most needed, it does not interfere with field preparations, the ripening process, or the harvesting.

The market opportunity for dairy and all manner of food products in Manitoba is made of money. The income that can be realized from ten or twenty cows in Manitoba is several times as large as the earning capacity of the average clerk or office employee. Manufactured creamery butter increased 1,000,000 lbs. in 1913, where the increase in milk consumed was nearly 3,000,000 lbs., but there is no hope of the supply catching up to the demand in any branch of farming.

Rural telephones, good schools, the finest Agricultural College on the continent, the most progressive policy of agricultural institutions—very few of the factors that count to MANITOBA as the proper location for your farm. Your opportunity lies in the fact that there is still plenty of room for thousands more, whether you are looking for unimproved lands at only advantageous prices or for the free gift of a homestead.

WRITE AT ONCE for literature and specific information. Ask any questions you like.



HON. GEORGE LAWRENCE

MINISTER OF AGRICULTURE AND IMMIGRATION
WINNIPEG

System in the Kitchen

A Kitchen Cabinet brings "System" into the kitchen just the same as a Filing Cabinet brings system into the business office.

You've been going to get one for your wife for some time. Make up your mind to get her a KNECHTEL Kitchen Cabinet this very day. It's the best thing she could have for her kitchen.

The KNECHTEL Cabinet boards and marries all utensils and makes the kitchen so orderly and so easy to keep clean that you can be sure to get the best results from it. Don't wait! Get her that KNECHTEL today!

SOLD BY BEST FURNITURE STORES IN EVERY TOWN AND CITY. ASK FOR BOOKLET M



The Knechtel Kitchen Cabinet Co., Ltd., Hanover, Ont.



A Table Always Handy

Often you will feel the need of a small table which is strong yet light. For lawn parties, card parties, visitors and many other uses the Peerless Folding Table is exactly what you want.

It weighs only 12 lbs., but will support half a ton (by actual test). It can be set up in an instant without the least trouble, and when not in use can be folded and put away very conveniently. The Peerless is a very handy table to have. Don't wait till you find that you need it and cannot have it.

Send now for our Catalogue "M," with descriptions of styles, with prices and the name of the nearest dealer.

HOARD & COMPANY, Limited

Sole Licensees and Manufacturers,
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Warm Winter Wear

"The wise wear wool"—for comfort and for health protection. The list of Jaeger Pure Wool articles specially suited to our climate and our needs is a most attractive one.

Jaeger Pure Wool Goods

include Blankets, Cardigans, Sweaters, Dressing Gowns, Slippers, Shirts, Pyjamas, Rugs, Sleeping Bags and scores of other cozy articles. Call at a Jaeger Store or Agency and see the great variety of lines all suggesting comfort.

Dr. JAEGER SANITARY WOOLLEN SYSTEM



362 Portage Ave (Carlton Block, Winnipeg)
32 King Street, West, Toronto.
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And in all Jaeger Agencies throughout the Dominion

Agents Wanted

We have an exceptionally attractive proposition to offer enterprising men selling Cadillac Vacuum Cleaners. Address

CLEMENTS MFG. CO.
78 Dundas St. TORONTO



This department is under the direction of "Kit" who under this familiar pen name has endeared herself to Canadian women from Belle Isle to Victoria. Every month she will contribute sparkling bits of gossip, news and sidelights on life as seen through a woman's eyes.

St. Patrick was a gentleman, and he came from decent people; In Dublin town he built a church and on it put a steeple, His father was a Wolloghon, his mother an O'Grady, His aunt she was a Kinaghan, his wife the widow Brady.

PATRICK AND NOAH

SAINT PATRICK'S day is in Ireland no longer the "thread on the tail of me coat" festival it used to be. To be sure the flags fly, the bells ring, the churches are crowded, and the "green immortal shamrock" is in every hat. But the shops are all closed, likewise the public houses, and the scenes of drunkenness and faction fights which used to mar the day, are no more. Countless little wars have been waged as to the birthplace of the good saint. The French, the Scotch and the Welsh have each claimed him, much as the Shakesperian plays have been claimed by the Baconites, but Ireland will have him forever, just as "Careless Will" will keep his tragedies and comedies. Who could stomach "Hamlet by Lord Bacon" at the head of the playbill? It would be as easy for an Irishman to stomach Saint Patrick as a "frog-eating Mounseer." As every good Paddy knows, Saint Patrick's family name was Wolloghon—transformed later into Hooligan—and the only wife he ever had was the celebrated Kathleen-ni-Houlahan—Erin herself, and this is a marriage which cannot be divorced.

It was on a seventeenth of March that the snakes were swept out of Ireland according to a west country legend, and on the same day Saint Patrick chained the biggest serpent of them all in Lough Dilveen or Devil-teen, one of the seven lakes in the Galtee Mountains, bidding him "remain there until Monday." Ever since—and that was early in the fourth

century—the serpent rises every Monday morning and calls out in Irish, "It is a long Monday, Patrick."

Nor is the seventeenth famous for Saint Patrick alone. It was on this very date that Noah entered the Ark with his fighting wife, who for some days had refused to go into it. The rising water frightened her, however, and in she galloped, immediately picking up the quarrel again, until Noah, exasperated, beat her black and blue. No wonder he took to the drink, "the poor ould crathur," as my informant called him.

THE SPRIG OF SHILLELAGH

IF the shamrock is the national symbol of Ireland, the shillelagh is the family friend, or rather the automatic adjuster of family differences. You may have bought one with your black thorn stick when you "were across" from one of the vendors of Irish relics who pervade the quays where lie the outgoing ships. But I would not give a thrawneen for a made-up shillelagh of the sort. Your true "persuader" is a short, ugly cudgel of oak or black-thorn or crab-tree about three feet long, and covered with natural excrescences at the business end of it. The name comes from the pleasant groves which long ago flourished in Wicklow, where oak knobs grew galore. Every gossoon worth while knows how to shape a shillelagh. He gets a root-spring sapling—not a branch-stick, and trims this most lovingly. Then he puts it in the chimney corner to season. Then he rubs it with oil or lard, after which it is wrapped in stout paper and buried in a hot-bed. It is left here for some weeks, then unearthed and polished with blacklead, which gives it an extremely wicked expression, and now it is ready to crack heads at fair or "pattern", and

you never heard anything like the noise it makes when it comes in contact with the human cranium,—as for the "dint" it puts in a man's skull—Oh milia murder!

RARA AVIS

IN one of those dreary, almost terrible "God's Acres" you will find only near mining camps, or bush towns, there stands a monument to a woman which we consider to be the finest ever raised. It is only a rough wooden cross on which is scraped the name of the woman, and the legend.

"She Never Nagged."

Just think of it! a woman who never nagged! What a rara avis! The husband's inscription should have been written in letters of gold. When he came in after a "night out" she never nagged. He might take a drop too much, walk across her scrubbed floors with muddy boots, smoke all over the house, forget to wear his rubbers. No matter what he did, she never nagged. Delightful woman, how did she do—or not do it? Why should this queen among women depart, taking her secret with her and leaving the world overstocked with nagging women? Not hers the zeal to remake the world according to her own standards of right.

Not hers the desire for a high or holy perfection in a mere human man. She was no poor striving soul trying to make all her household conform to her ideas in large or small matters. She was the ideal wife, the valiant woman, the only perfect woman that was ever born.

Thus mused the Pedlar, till spying some further scratches at the foot of the cross, he read by the light of a match,

"She Was Dum."

MANY INVENTIONS

THE only sadness about death, one's own death, to our mind, is that we will miss seeing the many curious and scientific things which will assuredly happen in this old world, which has rotated round the sun faster in the last twenty-five years than it did in nearly as many centuries. What have we not witnessed who have lived to middle life or beyond it? The submarine, the aeroplane, the marconigram, the North Pole. One almost regrets all that has happened in view of hardly anything being left to happen, except perhaps something with radium. Somebody will find out some day what composes radium and will proceed to make up the compound much as the chemist mixes a pill. It is to medicine, surgery, and all that pertains to the well being and well keeping of man, that we turn for the next development of wonders. Medical research is at work on cancer,

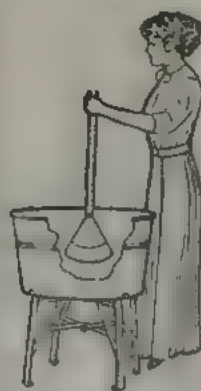
Continued on page 350

This is Your Last Chance

\$350 VACUUM WASHER \$100

Send us one dollar and the coupon below and we will send you a Fisher-Ford Vacuum Washer by mail, all charges paid, to any address. Only one washer to each customer at this price.

THIS IS THE VALVE THAT DOES THE WORK



YOU CAN THROW YOUR WASH-BOARD AWAY. NO MORE RUBBING, NO MORE BOILING.

Instead of spending a lot of money advertising our Rapid Vacuum Washer we have decided to sell single washers at COST PRICE with the idea that the thousands of delighted users will become our agents, or if not agents they will at least recommend them to their friends. By accepting this offer you are not bound in any way to become an agent, we will take a chance that you will use the coupon and one dollar, and we will deliver a washer to you by return mail. Try it, and if it will not do all we claim for it, we will gladly return every cent of your money.



IT IS THE ONLY WASHER THAT HAS A VALVE, which is absolutely necessary in order to create a perfect vacuum and supply the compressed air which forces the hot suds through the fabric. It is the lightest and strongest machine made. It is guaranteed to last a lifetime. It can be used in any boiler, tub or pail equally well. It has been awarded prizes in washing competitions over \$50 washing machines. It will wash the heaviest blankets in three minutes. It will wash the finest lingerie perfectly in three minutes. It will save you hours of needless toil. It will save many dollars a year by not wearing out the clothes. It can be operated by a child as easily as by an adult. It will thoroughly blue a whole family washing in 30 seconds. It will do everything we claim for it or we will return every cent of your money.

With the Fisher-Ford Vacuum Washer you can finish your washing in 15 minutes. It is the valve that does it, and this valve is to be found only in our washer. It is a necessity this weather, and you will be glad that you spent a dollar.

Don't miss this chance, you may not get another. Send us one dollar to-day and we will send you a washer post-paid to any address. Also our agent's terms, which show you how you can make fifty dollars a week.

COUPON GOOD FOR \$2.50

Send us this coupon with ONE DOLLAR, and we will send the Fisher-Ford Rapid Vacuum Washer by mail, all charges paid, to any address. F. F. F. MANUFACTURING CO., Dept. W. C. M. Toronto, Ont.

ENGLISH HAND-MADE LACE

MADE BY THE COTTAGERS OF BUCKINGHAMSHIRE

This is the old-fashioned lace made on the cushion, and was first introduced into England by the Flemish Refugees. It is still made by the village women in their quaint old way.

Our Laces were awarded the Gold Medal at the Festival of Empire and Imperial Exhibition, Crystal Palace, LONDON, ENGLAND, for general excellence of workmanship.

BUY some of this hand-made Pillow Lace, it lasts MANY times longer than machine made variety, and imparts an air of distinction to the parlor. It is made by the village lace-makers, bringing them little comforts otherwise denied them. It is a man's wage. Write for descriptive little book containing 100 striking examples of the lace makers' art and is sent post free to any part of the world. Lace for every purpose can be obtained, and within reach of the most modest purse.



COLLAR—Pure Linen.
\$1.00.



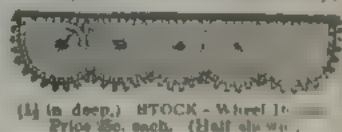
DAINTY HANDKIE—No. 112.
No. 112.—Lace 11 in. deep.

Covers, Fronts, Plaques, Jabots, Yokes, Flashes, Berthes, Handkerchiefs, Stocks, Camisoles, etc., etc.
D'Oyley, Mats, Medallions, Quilts and Peter Pan Collars, etc., from 75c. to \$5.00, \$1.00 to \$2.00 up to \$5.00 each. Over 100 designs in yard lace and ready-made from 25c. to \$5.00 up to \$10.00 per yard.

FISH CROCHET.

Mrs. Armstrong has long been known for her fish crochet. It is a new and original design, and is very popular. It is made of the finest thread and is very durable. It is a great advantage.

Every sale, however small, is a support to the industry.



(14 in. deep.) STOCK—Wheel 10.
Price 50c. each. (Half shown.)



No. 112—50c. per yard.

MRS. MOLLY ARMSTRONG, Olney, Bucks., England.

That Awful Model

Continued from page 337

evil. He snapped a bundle of brushes into splinters and flung them into a corner. Then he dropped down on his model's throne and sprawled inane, disgusted, done for.

The hymn of his life had been called a ribald tune.

And he went into a fit of masculine hysterics. She ran to him and put her hand on his forehead.

"Keith!" she cried, "you're ill! You have a high fever. I must call the doctor."

Her pangs of sympathy were almost a beatitude, for now she could nurse him and mother him. She loved him very much, in her way, as he loved her very much, in his. It was their ambitions that hated one another.

The doctor was Dr. Lathrop, husband of Mrs. Lathrop. He looked as if he had been the husband of a Mrs. Lathrop a long while, but had got used to it. Something in the despairing look of the patient led him to send Mrs. Knowles on an errand to the drug store for a bottle of perfectly harmless tablets. By skillful cross-examination he drew the whole pitiable story from the painter. Then he said:

"I thought so. Young man, you're suffering from an acute inflammation of wifely jealousy. I prescribe a long voyage for her."

"Oh, May is all right," the husband pleaded. "I'm the one that's to blame. You see, I'm in the wrong business. I ought not to have been an artist, but a tradesman, a mechanic, a soldier—anything but a fool painter. A painter must have models, and you can't blame his wife for being jealous."

Dr. Lathrop shook his head. "I don't blame a person for being jealous, any more than I blame anybody for being blonde or brunette, or for catching cold, or inheriting a bad temper. But, my boy!—don't you delude yourself with the folly that a man's trade has anything to do with his wife's hatred of it. If she loves him, she dislikes anything that takes his mind or body out of her reach."

"The whole world, Mr. Knowles, is one vast panorama of jealousy, one eternal warfare between a man's home and his career. The wives of business men are jealous of the stenographers the husbands have to have in their offices; shoe clerks' wives are jealous of the customers their husbands kneel to; the grocers' wives are jealous of the women that discuss the price of eggs; the soldiers' and sailors' wives are frantic every time a man is called away by his country; the mail carriers' wives tremble at the thought of the faces that welcome their husbands, the brakeman's wife, the street-car conductor's wife, the paperhanger's

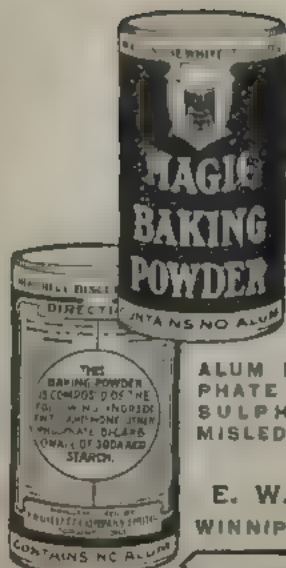
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wife—they're all jealous, my boy.

"I tell you the whole world is a panorama of jealousy. The poor husbands are hectored to their shops and hectored when they get home—but they can't close their shops, can they? If they do, they'll have to close their homes, too, won't they?"

"If I'd only been a preacher——"

"Oh, Lord, what the poor preachers' wives suffer with pretty parishioners pouring out their souls on their husband's dickies!"

"A doctor, then."

"Whew! Well, my wife's used to it now, and I've nearly convinced her by twenty-five or thirty years of devotion that my profession is really a serious one and not an excuse for incessant flirtation. But such a time as we had the first year or two! Such names as she called the poor respectable ladies that sent for me. Every consultation was a rendezvous, according to her. We'd have starved if I'd given in. But I had to be a brute or die."

After the tirade, the doctor's gentler self glowed through:

"It's cruel; the poor things can't help it. But they'd suffer still more if their men hung round the house and made no money to buy them pretty things and food and lodging.

"That's the best thing about women. They may fret a lot over a man's devotion to his career, but they reward the strong men with their love and they reward the weaklings with their contempt."

At length the doctor succeeded in wringing a solemn promise from the young husband that he would break his wife's heart for her own good, and begin work on the March of the Hours forthwith.

When May came anxiously back with the futile tablets in her hand, the doctor was gone, and her husband was at his desk just finishing a letter.

He kissed her with unusual gaiety.

"What's happened?" she said.

"I'm well, that's all." He flourished the envelope before her. "See this my dear?" She read the address.

"Miss Rebecca Kabe Kabelitz, who is she?"

"Don't you remember? She's the cause of one of our first epoch-making spats."

"Not that awful model?"

"That awful model. I'm telling her to report for duty to-morrow."

"You don't mean it, Keith."

"I do mean it, May."

"Keith Knowles, if you dare to send for that creature I'll never speak to you again."

"That's your privilege, my dear. This is a free country—for women. It's the men who are slaves. I'll stick to the axil and you run along home to your mother."



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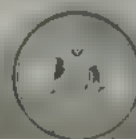
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She was aghast at this stranger who had usurped her meek and obedient husband's frame.

"Keith! You're going to cast me aside like this? Prove false to every vow you've made?"

"I have been to me, for the marriage haven't the faintest conception of. It is you that have broken the marriage vows. I haven't; I'm not going to. And whenever you get ready to come

back and be a mate instead of a mutineer, I'll be here—waiting for you, working for you."

He put his arms around her, for he loved her beyond belief. But he gasped: "Don't touch me," and

packing up and sobbing and wringing her hands, she had dabbled everything she packed

He noted with a twinge in the heart that she left his photograph conspicuously unpacked. She had

of course, as a prize fight, or a divorce case, or a railroad wreck, but a good deal for a work of art, even in the art columns, which the general public does not read.

May hated the newspapers for their proportionate neglect of her husband's gifts, but she did not publish her own devotion. One day, however, when curiosity had nagged her beyond endurance, she put on a double veil and sneaked into the gallery.

Her eyes went up to the domed ceiling and the twenty-four tributary panels, and her soul went up as if wings had swooped under and caught her aloft. The ensemble had the unity and the golden sonority of a great symphony's final chord; the figures were but instrumental voices, merged yet distinct. The work had the mass and the oneness of one big idea. Everywhere the eyes darted was some little touch that cried: "Don't overlook me!" Yet one idea commanded the host. The completed painting was greater than the sketches, which is a rare triumph.

May's heart ached to think that she had fought this superb thing and that it would be glorious in the eyes of multitudes long and long after she and her little love and her little jealousies were withering underground. She was unutterably ashamed of having opposed the March of the Hours, unutterably glad that she had failed to check it, even though it trampled herself into the dust. She was sorriest of all that she had contributed nothing to the design. He had planned it before he knew her; he had finished it in her absence. Never had she felt so lonely, so outcast, so useless.

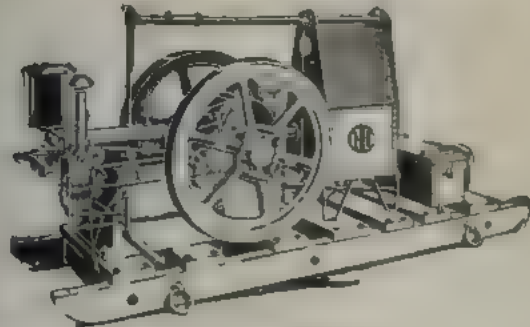
Then she noted that all the subjects of the panels were men's labors—workmen going forth in the early hours, iron workers toiling at night at their glowing furnaces, some hard working hard always. She noted that the Hours were sad for all their beauty; they seemed to be lonely in their aloofness—like wives left at home. Then she read a legend in gold letters circling the base of the dome:

"For men must work and women must weep."

That line had not been in the original sketches. She dropped on a bench and did her share of womanly duty. She felt that her husband's hard toil and her loneliness and his sorrow for her loneliness imbued the whole theme. She had contributed to the work's triumph by breaking the painter's heart and teaching him the world's sorrow.

Keith Knowles was eavesdropping as usual in the crowd, only now he haunted the place watching only for one visitor, wondering how she could remain away.

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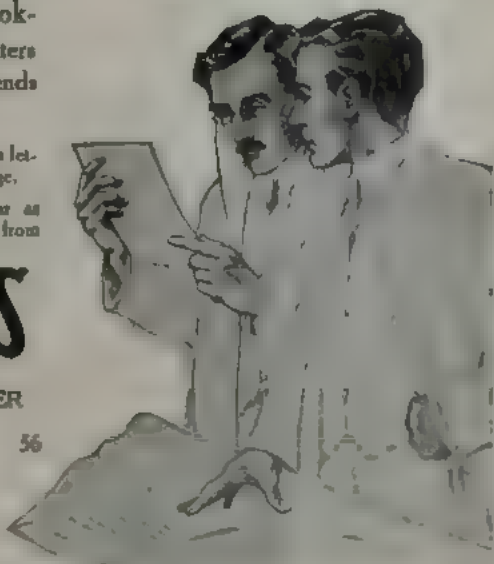
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He had not seen May as she slipped in, nor she him. But he heard a little sob that escaped the clutch in her throat, the little sob that celebrated her triumph over the mighty foolishness of the pettier pride.

He looked down as she looked up. She just shook her head in piteous tribute to his work and waved her hand in helpless surrender to his success, and he just caught the little hand and gripped it as if he were the drowner now.

He sat down by her, and a stranger might have thought them two casual acquaintances gossiping in a gallery. But through the veil Keith could see the great solitaire tears in May's eyes, and he said:

"What you crying about, honey?"

"I'm just o-beying your motto—the m-motto of your picture."

"But when the man has finished his work and come home with a bag of gold, it's time for the woman to stop weeping, isn't it?"

"I sup-p-ose so," she sobbed.

"Well, you're coming home with me if I have to—"

"I think you've knocked m-me s-sensible this time," she smiled Aprilishly through her tears.

The Woman Of It

Continued from page 323

keep your money in a tobacco-jar!" said Valerie, scandalized.

"Is that wicked?"

"Oh, but why don't you have a check-book? I have one, only I never can remember to put down what I've issued checks for, and I never know whether I'm really rich or poor."

"That's an idea!" said Sinclair reflectively. "I never thought of a checkbook. Where do you bank?"

"At the—the—why, I think it's the Bank of England. Wait—I'll look at my checkbook to-morrow, and tell you—it's printed right on the checks."

"It's a bargain," he agreed. "I'll ring you up to-morrow afternoon, and—suppose you and I and the lady mother have tea at the Savoy—would you like that?" You shall have a Savarin, and a Baba, and a Kouss Kouss, and a litre of red wine, and pretend you are a little music-student at Milan, whose God is that old ruffian Piedmonti, and whose credo is the C-sharp minor scale. Only, I'm afraid the floor's too clean for Maldo's."

Valerie's eyes sparkled. "I'd like nothing better. But mother is always up to her ears in engagements. Perhaps I may bring dad instead."

"Splendid! What a hammer-and-drive man he is. Will you get him to tell the British Columbia story that I've not heard yet?"

"Perhaps. He likes you, and I don't think he'll need much urging."

"Look here," he said abruptly, is there any chance of your being in Scotland for the shooting, too?"

"Oh, but I wouldn't stand any chance with the grouse," she smiled at him. "You men have no eyes for any woman when you have a gun in your hands and something out in the heather to kill."

"Aren't you ever going to stop fencing with me?" he asked her. "You know that you're not the kind of woman a man forgets on account of grouse-shooting. You know that I wouldn't bother with any grouse if I could be with you."

She turned wide, surprised eyes upon him, her heart beating tumultuously. He had talked so lightly—had been such an irresponsible boy. And yet, when they were dancing, she had felt that he cared. At the moment she did not care if she tumbled her universe down upon her head, but she felt that she must wrest the truth from him. No woman is direct at a moment like this. She mustered her forces, and said with apparent lightness, "Really?"

Unconsciously, she looked at him steadily, and felt a power going out of her, drawing him towards her irresistibly, almost against her will. He bent forward, no longer a boy in face, but a man—and a man stronger than she.

She said no word, but kept her eyes on his, he bent forward farther, his eyes intent on hers. Frightened, yet delighted, she waited.

"You know it, British Columbia girl," he said, with a strange note in his voice. And then, with a visible effort, he wrenched his look away from hers, and rose to his feet. It was as if a mask had dropped over his face.

"There is Denzil looking for you," he said quietly.

"Denzil?" she repeated, and her voice sounded far away in her own ears. Of a sudden, it seemed to her that she understood. There was Denzil, and Denzil was his friend. She gathered up her train.

"There is, as you say, Denzil," she said, with a hard little laugh. "Mr. Sinclair, as we have three more dances together, we must be careful not to exhaust all our topics at the end of the first one. If you feel that we are likely to weary each other, I will let you off from the others."

"Do you want to let me off?"

"I do not know that I do."

He bent down over her. "It would not have mattered if you did," he told her, a little grimly. "I should not have let you off. This evening is mine, at least."

She made no reply, but went towards Denzil, who greeted her with a smile that made her feel a traitor. He



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danced badly, for he was too short to manage Valerie's slender height and his own feet at the same time, but she insisted. She had had enough of sitting out dances at the moment. She managed to keep on the floor through every dance afterward, even though those included two with Sinclair. But as he claimed her for the fourth, her heart misgave her. He had made no move towards further talk, but they had danced together as one creature, he guiding her with perfect ease among the dancers, and moving with an intoxicating sense of rhythm. Woman-like, since he made no move, she was tempted in her turn.

"He shall say what he likes," she thought to herself, with a swift recklessness. "This evening, as he said, is ours," and when he swept her away for the fourth time, she laughed at him provocatively, and presently lagged a little in her dancing.

"Are you tired?" he asked her, noticing it.

"A little," she confessed. "It's so warm in here."

He looked down at her with the beginning of a smile twitching at the corner of his mouth.

"Is it—Valerie?" he asked.

"Ah-hah," she assented, like a child.

"True talk?"

She hesitated. "No," she said honestly.

"Don't you want to dance with me any more?"

"I'd rather talk," she answered.

They danced another measure, which brought them to the end of the room, and stopped, Sinclair looking down at her round cheek and smooth young shoulder.

"All right," he said suddenly. "This is a *rouge et noir* night, indeed. *Faites vos jeux, messieurs! Faites vos jeux!*" And he led her out on the balcony, entirely deserted, with only the English ivy gleaming under the lamps. He made her comfortable in a low chair, and settled himself beside her.

"Well?" he said.

She threw it back at him. "Well?"

"It's for you to say, you know," he said. "Red or black, mademoiselle? You are the croupier and the board and the gold to-night. I am a good gambler—but it is you to call."

"*Rouge et noir* is not my game, Mr. Sinclair. In British Columbia, we play poker, and if I call, that means you must show me all your cards." She leaned back, regarding him slantwise.

"Very well," he said, "I will. But you must show yours, too. If I play your game, you must play it fairly, too. I said that this evening was mine. Did you say that to yourself, too?"

She nodded.

"And that you would be kind to me?"

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"No. That I should be happy."

There was a pause. The little balcony's air became charged with currents of emotion. Valerie's hands were cold; Sinclair's forehead was hot. The swinging cadence of a waltz came floating out through the opened windows, lyric, emotional, swaying.

"I have only one card," he said slowly. Only one. It is—Denzil. When he came to my rooms that first day, he told me he loved you. You see, my hands are tied."

"Denzil," she murmured softly.

"Denzil?"

"Yes," he said grimly. "My friend—and yours."

She leant towards him a little. "We said this evening was yours,—ours. If there were not Denzil? I do not love him. . . . If you and I were alone in the world—"

He looked at her, a flame in his blue eyes, and she met his gaze steadily. "Valerie!" he said hoarsely, and in an instant he had clasped her to his heart and kissed her, feeling her slender body yield to his rough grip: "Valerie! God, I can't stand it!"

Suddenly as he had clasped her, he untwined her arms, and pushed her gently away, and dropped back on the seat, covering his face with his hands. She stood trembling and silent.

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At last he raised his eyes. "Are there any more cards you'd like to see?" he asked bitterly. The girl turned her head, and then with slow steps she moved over to him, and laid one hand on his hair.

"Are you sorry?" he asked.
"No," said Valerie steadily. "Now that I know you love me, I don't care. Anything may happen now. But—Robert. Denzil is going to ask me to marry him,—he will ask me probably after my last dance with him to-night. What shall I say to him?"

To be continued.

Opening New North

Continued from page 325

Just south of Fort Good Hope we pass through the ramparts—surely one of the grandest sights North America can offer. The river up to this point averages one and one-half miles wide, narrowing down to five hundred yards, running with a current of eight miles an hour.

At Fort Good Hope you will probably meet Mr. C. P. Gaudet—one of the last of the Company's old guards,—a stately old French Canadian courtier, with the white of ninety winters on his head.

Now we are within the Arctic circle and entering the land of the midnight sun with its picturesque people, the Eskimo. Your first glance at the Eskimo removes all doubt of his Asiatic origin—the broad, flat nose and slant eyes, satisfy you that in past ages his ancestors crossed Behring Straits.

Of all the original peoples of North America, the Eskimo is the most striking. His strong individuality has not been affected to any noticeable extent by the contrast with the white race.

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At Point Separation, the junction of the Peel with the Mackenzie, we turn west up the Peel for a short run to Fort McPherson—the northern terminus of the steamer McKenzie River, and also the most northerly of the Hudson's Bay Company forts. This was for many years the home of the venerable Archdeacon McDonald, of the Anglican Church, who has made it his life work to bring the Eskimo and Loucheaux Indians to a knowledge of the Christian religion. From here we turn back and begin our journey to civilization with a new knowledge of Canada's Hinterland. Our eyes have been opened to some of the possibilities of the country north of the fifty-fifth parallel and we come home with a better idea of the vastness of this Canada of ours.

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Winnipeg, August 22, 1913, Gas Power Age Trophy, 500 Mile Endurance Run, Winning Car equipped with Dunlop Tires. Two of the four had previously gone 12,000 miles and one of the other two had previously gone 9,000 miles. As a Winnipeg paper very truthfully said: "Can you beat that for a driver's confidence in a tire?"

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Grocers and department
stores everywhere.



The Pedlar's Pack

Continued from page 339

consumption and the like. Daring operations in surgery are not rare, but more daring ones are to come. Hypnotism will likely play a great part in the curing of certain diseases.

If some fairy-godmother would only teach us how, each of us could correct and develop ourselves in the most extraordinary way. Christian Science comes closer to this than either medicine or surgery. Not long since a great surgeon confessed that he did not dare, for his reputation's sake, tell ordinary people the things he believed would some day become ordinary operations. Dr. Metchnikoff has been more blunt, for he not only regards the stomach and large intestine as superfluous in the human economy, but as positively dangerous, in that they accelerate the decay of age. He proposes that they should be removed. Only the other day we heard a poor victim of chronic indigestion bewailing that he could not remove his stomach and send it with his shirt to the laundry. Fancy being able to get about without those internal arrangements which are apt at times to annoy us! We would all be a sort of Marley's ghosts going about without any insides or impedimenta of the kind. There would no longer be any need for flesh-reducing drugs or powders, for we would all be slim and graceful. Instead of being a nuisance to themselves and their friends, old persons would be active bodily and mentally. Life after three score or so, instead of being a misery, would be a constant succession of delightful phases. All this sounds mad and unreasonable, but is it more amazing than an aeroplane, alighting from the skies at her feet, would have been to my respected grandmother? Why the old lady would have fallen a-praying against witches and the sorceries of the Devil!

And now think of all the delightful things a poor Pedlar will miss when he lays his pack down in this world, and dons his wooden travelling suit for a trip to —shall we say—the Moon.

DRINKING ON THE DECREASE

ONE of the blessings that has come to the world of late years is the passing of the wine-bibber. New York never saw a saner New Year than the last. Waiters in the fashionable restaurants were not slipping about in champagne, men were not uproariously drunk by the crowd, in cabarets and cafes, and those who were found few women, even those of questionable reputation, to join them. The reason for all this sobriety is the tango. Instead, therefore, of the clergy and the "haut ton" society putting down the intricate dance, as "immodest,

vulgar and suggestive," it should be at least mildly supported as the great advocate of temperance. You can't dance if your legs are funny and your head is queer. As to the suggestiveness or immodesty, that rests with the woman. It is she who always sets the tone in regard to the manners which she exacts from the opposite sex. And anyway, a little extra hugging—especially if your partner is an agreeable chap—is better any day than dancing with a maudlin ass who tears your gown and tramps upon your toes.

Drinking is going out, there is no doubt about it. Even in the Old Country, those wet little British Isles, the number of people in all classes of society who never touch alcohol is enormous, and is growing. In Canada for a time, the drinking of Scotch whisky among young business men was very much the fashion, but that bad fashion is on the decrease, as the long line of young fellows at the ice-cream and hot chocolate counter very well proves. Our young men are learning sense. It is not good sense or good business either, to establish the custom of a forenoon drink, another one or two through the afternoon, winding up with a round of Scotches at the club in the evening. It unfits a chap for the day's work, and very shortly puts him out of business altogether. Anything short of crime that will cause him to deviate from this road to destruction should be welcomed rather than discountenanced. Which is why we sing the praises of dancing, yea even of the bunny-hug and the turkey trot.

COCK A LEEKIE

MARCH is Taffy's month quite as much as Patrick's, for is not the first of March Saint David's Day, when your true Welshman will sport the leek in his bonnet, or at least have cock-a-leekie at his dinner. Real Scotch cock-a-leekie on Saint David's day is almost like a welding of national aspirations; moreover, it is one of the best cures for a cold as well as a valuable means of preventing one.

Next to the lion and the unicorn, The Leek's the fairest emblem that is worn.

We once tasted cock-a-leekie in the heart of Scotland, and like King Jamie, we shall never forget it. The night before we were promised it, we heard the complaints of the chieftain of the hen-roost as they plucked him from his perch. It was in the chill of the dawn, when he was just informing his harem that it was time to get up and make the breakfast. Poor old fellow! His last crow ended in a hen-like clamour as his executioner caught him in the middle of his swan song.

But what a royal ending to a little life! Here he was, soused in the good

stock of a shin of beef and a knuckle of veal, surrounded by a whole family of the most wholesome vegetables in the kitchen garden. A more savory alliance was never formed. What anticipations were raised throughout the day every time the gude-wife raised the lid of the stewpan and allowed the savory nature of its contents, working up together in one delicious gravy, to steal upon our senses! And what a dish upon a sharpish night in March, served "hot and hot" in the snug inn-parlor. There never comes David's

Day but we think of that delicious meal and long to shake the hand of Taffy over the apotheosis of his country's emblem—Cock-a-leekie.

MONGOLIAN MUSIC

BREAKING in with our pack of linen the other day to the Chinese laundry, we found the place empty of all but sound—furious and devilish sound. In the mysterious interior, someone was playing Chinese music on a Chinese fiddle—probably a Hoo Kin. To the western ear, it was as the



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New Ideas in Sixes

A new lightness—2,980 pounds. A new-type motor which immensely lowers operative cost. A new-style body of the most distinguished type. A new price—\$2,250 (F. O. B. Detroit, Duty Paid)—for a high-grade Six.

THE HUDSON engineers, headed by Howard F. Coffin, this year bring out a sensational Six. A Six which legions of motorists have long been waiting for.

This car—the new HUDSON Six-40—weighs only 2,980 pounds, certified railroad weight.

It contains a new-type motor, small bore and long stroke. A type which European engineers regard as finality in low operative cost.

And it sells for \$2,250, duty paid—a price far below cars of any type of the same size, class and power.

Compare, for instance, with the HUDSON "37"—the best four-cylinder car that ever went from this factory. The new Six-40 weighs 400 pounds less. It consumes one-fourth less fuel. Yet the Six-40 is longer, more powerful, and it has two extra disappearing tonneau seats.

This is largely due to a new-type motor, not feasible in anything but Sixes.

The Reign of Sixes

The Sixes started in the high-price field, because they were heavy and costly, and they consumed extra fuel. We have seen them gradually come down, until they captured the whole field above \$2,500.

They did this because the Six is smooth-running and flexible. It is free from vibration, economical of tires. It avoids changing gears in slow-moving traffic, or in mounting any reasonable grade.

This luxury of motion—like constant coasting—wins anyone who once rides in a Six.

Now comes, for the first time, a quality Six to sell below \$2,500. In addition to that, it offers very light weight. And to all that it adds a low fuel consumption, below any comparable car.

Now men who want these things—modest price and weight and operative cost—will find them all in this HUDSON Six-40. They will find this Six-40 excelling in these points any other type of car.

New Ideas in Beauty.

With this new economy, this Six-40 combines new ideals in beauty. It has a stream-line body of the most distinguished type. These flowing lines

which wipe out the dash angle mark the accepted European vogue. And European vogue in bodies is always followed here.

The finish is rich, the upholstering luxurious. Many new ideas in comfort and convenience are embodied in the car.

In fact, this Six-40, in design and equipment, is almost identical with the new HUDSON Six-54. That is our larger Six—price, \$2,950, duty paid—which many pronounce the handsomest car of the year.

Go see this car at your local Hudson showroom. Ride in it, compare it. This is the most popular model we ever put out. Also write us for Howard E. Coffin's 55-page book.

HUDSON Six-40

\$2,250 (Duty Paid)



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Seats up to 7 passengers.
Two disappearing seats.
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Electric horns—license carriers—tire balancers—trunk rack—tools.

Price, \$2,250, F. O. B. Detroit, Duty Paid.
Wire wheels, with extra wheel, \$75 extra.
Standard roadster, same price.
Cabriolet roadster, completely enclosed, but quickly changed to an open roadster, \$2,575, Duty Paid.

(306)

HUDSON MOTOR CAR CO., 7814 Jefferson Ave., DETROIT, MICH.

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madness of devils singing the Car-magnole of Hell. Loud and clamorous banging on a small counter brought our almond-eyed friend, carrying in his hand the instrument which emitted the demoniac noises. Two pegs, two strings, a length of wood like a lath, and a skin-covered disc, completed an apparatus which as a producer of incomprehensible tones holds premier rank. Only a Wagner could have understood it, and that but partly. At most two notes to a bar and usually only one, with a bar rest occurring at unknown periods, with the scale in the Chinese minor, and you have a music which would shame a chorus of a hundred cats all singing different songs into silence. Of all that is weird shivery, quaint, mysterious and fearful in music, the Hoo Kin is the producer. The Chinese may be a placid race, but their melody is as of mad cats.

Confucius played the Kin. It were easier to explain the doctrines of the great Chinese sage than to describe the music of the Kin. If you could play a Kin out the window when burglars were attacking your house, they would flee as though pursued by devils. It would also bring out the fire-brigade and it might waken the police.

Which reminds us of a Chinese story of two we heard in San Francisco years ago when Chinatown was Chinatown. It was an Australian who told us, and a better story teller we have yet to meet. Most of the policemen in Australia, are, it seems, Irishmen, or rather, true descendants of Irish Kings and Queens. Many Chinese names have been "Englished" into barbarian caricatures of the originals. Of these, Ah Su, or Ah-something, are the most common. A newly appointed crier in a county court was ordered by the judge in a case in which a Chinese was witness, to call for Ah Song. The son of Erin looked puzzled, but seeing that the judge was as grave as an undertaker, he turned to the audience and blandly inquired, "Gentlemen, is there anny of yez will favor his honour with a song?" The same man was sent in search of the official interpreter thus:-

"Constable, go for Ah Kat." "Yis, your worship; is it a tom or a tabby ye want, sir-r?" And this was nothing until in a town settled mostly by Scotchmen, the court had occasion to call one MacPherson. A Chinese appeared, and being asked why he had come, answered, "Me Mlackfleson, your honour."

NEW BOOKS

OF the many good things which Santa Claus—of blessed memory, saw fit to put into the Pedlar's pack, the goodliest were books. Such volumes as Fabre's "Life of the Fly," Wilfred Whitton's "Londoner's London," and St. John Adcock's delightful "The

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Booklover's London" jostled with Professor Leacock's "Behind the Beyond" and Wells' "Passionate Friends." One portentous book came all by itself, left outside the Pack by special orders, Rafael Sabatin's "Torquemada and the Spanish Inquisition." A wonderful writing of that time in church affairs when a gigantic and terrible engine was created by a man in himself humble, spiritual and self-sacrificing, who was bitten by the most mischievous serpent that ever assailed humanity, fanaticism. A man who left footprints on the sands of time that can never be erased, foot prints that are outlined in blood.

Of this great work which throws so much light on the Inquisition, of the fair, equable, indiscriminating, and unbiased history of a terrible period, we will not speak at length to-day, reserving it for a chapter by itself in some coming number of CANADA MONTHLY.

LITERARY LONDON.

[T]is to the Booklover's London that we would draw your attention, that is if you care for a prow through the London of Dickens and Gissing, of Besant and De Foe. Mr. Adcock takes us from Bartholomew Fair to the Monument, and in between and about. You may take breakfast, a meagre meal, with Mrs. Squeers and young Nickleby at the Saracen's Head, Snow Hill; lunch with Mistress Quickly at the Boar's Head in Eastcheap; and dine with Mr. Pecksniff and his charming daughters at Todgers' Commercial Boarding House off Love Lane near the Monument. There is not one picture of literary London missing from this album of dream photographs. Lord Steyne's house is here, in Manchester Square; Major Pendennis is continually going to and fro between his rooms in Bury Street, and his club in St. James Street. Here in St. James Church hard by, Pendennis used to worship and Alfred Lammle was married to Sophronia, while timorous little Mr. Twemlow lived just round the corner, over a mews, if you remember. You can wander through Piccadilly and out by Marble Arch at the Oxford Street end of Park Lane, and right across the corner where Edgware Road joins Bayswater, you see the exact site of Tyburn Gallows where as late as one hundred and fifty years ago the grisly processions of death used to come up Holborn and Oxford Streets. We have travelled all London in an evening without stirring from our comfortable Canadian fireside. We have ambled along with real people, who looked unreal, and unreal people who looked very real indeed, and it seemed to us as though we had never seen London at all before—that is—

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NORTH GERMAN LLOYD

Thackeray's London, and Gissing's, and the city of Fielding and Ben Jonson, and poor lost, wandering De Quincy.

We learned of old haunts that had gone the way of all old things, Sairey Gamp's house in Kingsgate Street, which we hugged ourselves with the pleasure of having seen with our own eyes; the Bull Inn where Mr. Lewsome lay ill, and Mrs. Gamp nursed him, also a haunt of ours, but now occupied by a railway goods office; Bleeding

Heart Yard, much knocked about, but still flourishing in a way; old wicked Newgate, through which we once walked as one in a funeral procession, and countless other literary landmarks which it was our happiness to know, but which now have vanished forever.

Perhaps, you, who do not know London, who have never felt the fascination of the world's mightiest city, would care but little for such rambles. But, even so, your literary recollections will be refreshed by such gentle travelling with so sympathetic a guide as St. John Adcock, and though you never set foot in a city that is so hoary with history, so steeped in tragedy, and so exquisite in even imaginary association, you will feel when you lay down the book as though you had walked through every noble square and mean street of the greatest metropolis in the world. The London of Chaucer, of Shakespeare, Bacon and Elizabeth, has passed in part; that of Thackeray and Gissing and Dickens is decaying, but the great city is ever renewing itself. All that is best and finest in the worlds of history, art, music and poetry has lived there and is living, and all leaves its impress there, so that while new London is being built and being associated with the imaginative writers of to-day, the old stones lie beneath, with the old fairy tales, the old tragedies and comedies written forever upon them. The masks and faces are painted upon the stones of old, old London forever and forever.

Strathcona

J. D. Symon in the Pall Mall Gazette

So pass O peaceful warrior, to thy rest,
One gentle step from service to long sleep
And thou art with the memories
that keep
A nation steadfast, loyal to the best
Her hero sons have by their lives con-
fessed.
And though Mount Royal and St
Lawrence weep
Their sorrows to the Rockies' echo-
ing steep
Still, still he guides, whose hand un-
locked the West.

How youth amid the snows of Labrador
Nerved him, one man—one man and
yet a host—
To toil till from the Atlantic's sea-
board's roar
Out to the far Pacific's kindly coast
His line he flung, and with that bond
of steel
Forged a Dominion's and an Empire's
weal.

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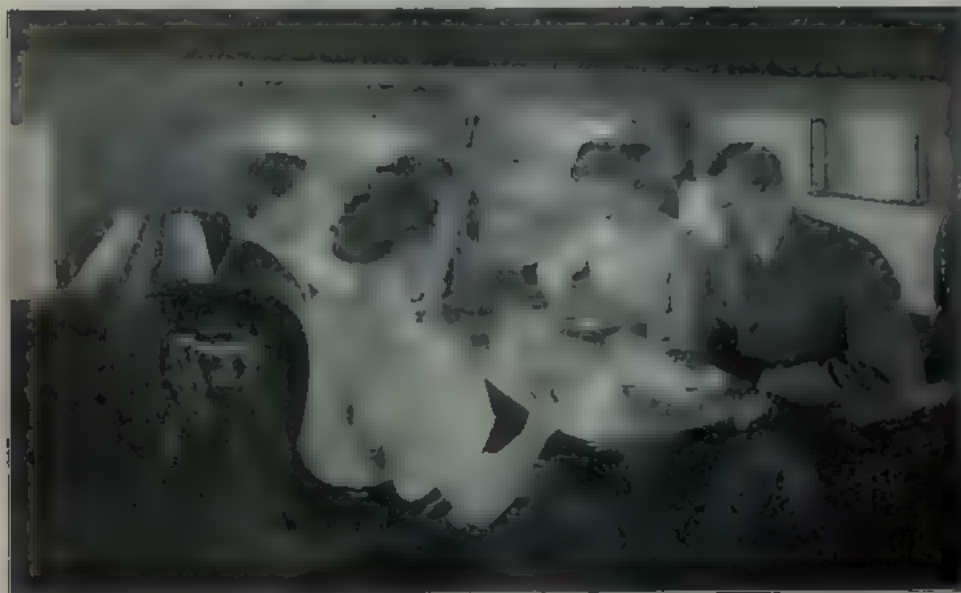
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LINE**

CHICAGO - MILWAUKEE - DULUTH - SUPERIOR

Mine, Miner, Minus!

Continued from page 310

Black damp, or carbon dioxide, may be detected by its peculiar odor. It is heavier than air and tends to suffocate fire. After an explosion has taken place these two gases become mixed and form what is known as "after damp," a mixture which surely destroys all life remaining in the mine.

From familiarity with danger, miners become disdainful of it and careless to a degree that is well-nigh incredible. They will hold dynamite caps in their mouths for convenience, a risk which pales into nothingness the ancient simile of the weaned child who plays on the den of the cockatrice. He is a poor man of low-funk spirit who does not believe himself quick enough to cross a cage after the signal to ascend has been given. To run this venture is, to them, a matter of no moment. I have seen more than one miner caught and crushed through a slight miscalculation in this respect, but these accidents are so quickly forgotten that they do not act as deterrents to any noticeable extent. In truth, there seems little reason to doubt that most of the sudden catastrophes which result in the loss of many valuable lives are the result of some insane risk taken by one man. If these risks were not among those things which the Deity is said to "wink at," all miners would have been killed long ago.

If you feel inclined, you might stop awhile and look at the skeleton-like tipple of the mine, by which I mean the wooden frame-work above it; at the automatic self-dumping skips and at the rocking screens which sort the coal into the kinds known as lump, egg, and nut; but the tempestuous torrent of coal from the hopper bottoms of the cars would drown our talk and assault our ear-drums so, on the whole, it is just as well to take these things for granted.

One's first descent into a mine is an experience rather than a pleasure. To leave the sharp intensity of the sunlight and to be suddenly dropped into "a horrible pit" is to feel oneself rolled into a tight little ball with every nerve as hard as a nail. You hope you pray that the long, lithe cables which hold the cage are stronger than they look. You wonder if you will come out feet foremost in Australia and if it will hurt very much. After second or third experience, the sensation is one of swift adventuring but few people care to inure themselves to this frame of spirit. Arrived at the shaft bottom, you are made aware with the aid of your cap lamp, of huge square timbers around you and of a "sump", or well, underneath. It is

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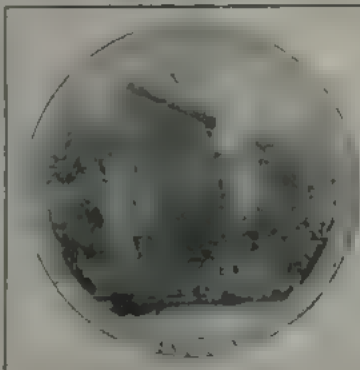
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Passenger Traffic Manager,
MONTREAL.

H. G. ELLIOTT,
General Passenger Agent,
MONTREAL.

into this cump that all the entries of the mine are drained

Without realizing it, you will have lowered your voice, for the darkness and stillness oppress you as though you were bearing a weight on your shoulders. The air is lifeless and leaden. This is assuredly "The City of Dreadful Night." You feel as if you were the last survivor in a dead world. But presently, a strong hand will take yours in his and lead you through the stygian darkness till your eyes become habituated to the gloom, when you will become aware of two tracks stretching away in the channel which has been hollowed out of the coal. Then you will be warned to step aside and keep close to the wall while a stocky car holding probably three tons is, with a vast grinding of wheels, whirled by you to the cage there to be hoisted to the tippie.

Your guide will explain that you are in the main entry or tunnel of the mine and that there are other entries at right angles. These with the "rooms" which open off them, are surveyed by engineers with great exactness and according to certain regulations laid down in the mining statutes.

Here and there in the blackness, thin tongues of flame move about like fireflies. These are the lamps in the miners' caps. You have also a firefly in your bonnet but, of course, it is only visible to the onlookers. These lamps are like little coffee-pots and are filled either with carbide or seal oil. In the more modern mines which are lighted by electricity, lamps are not required so much, although no man ventures into the mine without one. Faith is not nearly so estimable a virtue as sight, no matter what the theologians may say. It was a miner poet (you must not spell it a "minor" poet) who wrote the lines,

God, if you had but the moon
Stuck in your cap for a lamp,
Even you'd tire of it soon
Down in the dark and the damp.

Nothing but blackness above
And nothing moves but the cars—
God, in return for our love,
Fling us a handful of stars.

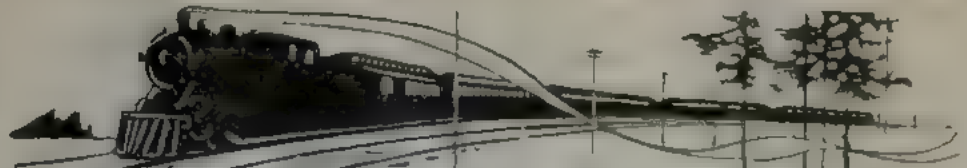
These lamps are the footlights the miners hold up to Old King Coal as they pierce his sides with their electric drills and wrench open his wounds with their ripping charges of dynamite. They call this "shooting" the coal, so it is just as well to keep your peculiar fantasies to yourself.

In a coal mine one loses his sense of direction, for there is no heaven above, no earth beneath—nothing but silence and black impenetrableness. And yet, when you are alone in a mine, you may hear a sound like the sighing of great trees. This is probably the utterance of your own blood to which you are

giving audience as when you put your ear to a conch shell, or it may be the surging sigh of the enormous primitive ferns, sigillarias and lepidodendrons who lay down in these strata as though for an eternal rest. In the counting house of the years, vast cycles have come and gone till, now in these impertinent days of dynamite and electricity, uncouth, ungentle men have broken their rest forever. The complaint of the trees is not without judgment. The thing seems ill-done and almost, of myself, I can hear their tragical murmurings.

The temperature in the coal mine does not vary with the seasons and the men believe it healthier to work in this underworld than to be subject to the changes of climate above. They have also told me that there is no echo in a coal stratum. I do not know if this be true but, of a surety, one's voice does not carry far in the dead air and even the shots of dynamite seem to be muffled and indistinct. Nevertheless, it is my opinion—an irrational one, no doubt—that men who dig in mines should have music, rather than men who eat in cafes. We need to recast our ideas about these things.

It makes no difference how you have quarreled with these miners in a strike; it makes no difference that once you felt like murdering them in bulk, it is impossible to follow them day after day through the working of a coal mine without seeing something heroic in their crude bent figures. You may not be able to understand the language they speak, for many of them are foreign born, but in time you come to talk to them through the smile, the touch on the arm, or the clasp of hands which signals are, after all, the universal language of the world. Most of these men are kindly disposed and, when left free from the machinations of the mine lawyer, are capable of self-sacrifice for their employer, and even of affection. In every gang of men, whether in railway construction, lumber camp, or coal mine, there is always an amiable workman of ferocious egoism who is known as "the camp lawyer." The legal fraternity will probably resent this misuse of their name, and properly so, for this fellow is forward in manner and has the same loving heart as a tiger. He it is who stirs up all the internal strifes and keeps them at boiling point. It is an art in which he greatly excels. In olden days, they called a man of his ilk "a gallows' knave" and the epithet was selected with care. Foremen are, nowadays, beginning to pay less attention to the communion of saints in their camps and vastly more to the communion of sinners. It is a foreman's particular business to spot the lawyers early in the game and to deal with them as the occasion warrants



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Greta Greer

Continued from page 307.

to be merely an acquaintance. Underneath the studied coldness of her manner throbbed the pulse of the primitive woman, and one who was either violently loved or hated. Dare was not sure which he was going to do.

Her manner was peculiar, but to the man provoking and fascinating. She looked about her with eyes of tragic hopelessness as though seeking something infinitely better than that which was at hand, and from long and fruitless searching realized the necessity for making the best of a poor substitute. He wondered whether she had a great sorrow burdening her, or whether she had lost something out of her life which could never be replaced. He wondered if some crime of which she dared not think, put its seal upon her. Whatever it was, he told himself, there was a motive and he could sympathize and forgive.

Where Dare approached a subject curiously, interestedly, until he sapped it and found it useless, she seemed to think such time wasted, presupposing the subject drab and colorless; she was not bored in the ordinary acceptance of the term, as one surfeited with all that society and adulation can offer and she seemed rather to live a life within herself, to have constantly before her an inner vision which was guarded stingily and hugged to herself lest an alien should obtain a glimpse of it. She absorbed much and gave forth



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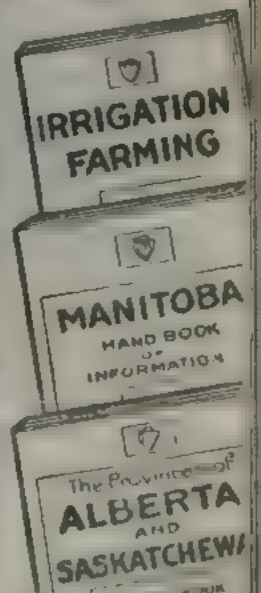
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little. Her conversation lacked initia-
tive, spontaneity, yet was by no means
dull. Dare tried to remember it
exactly.

"You are not making the trip for the
first time?" He asked the usual ques-
tion in the usual way.

"Oh no! I cross every year or so.
When I am tired of Montreal, I go to
London, and when its crowds bore me,
I try St. Petersburg, or Vienna or
some other place."

She looked very young, Dare
thought, to find it necessary to fight
off ennui and her words were too matter-
of-factly spoken to admit of the sug-
gestion of a pose.

"You are evidently a globe trotter,
a victim of the wander-lust long past
the incipient stage," he said.

She took the remark seriously.

"I suppose so. You know London?"

"Not at all! I have never been to
London. My wanderings are confined
entirely to Germany."

The girl shook her head slightly.

"I don't like Germany," she said in
the peculiar, husky, caressing voice
which (now that Dare was accustomed
to it) seemed inalienable from her.
"It is so distressingly scientific, so
cut-and-dried. There is a reason for
everything there."

Dare laughed. "That is very like a
woman," he returned. "I gather that
you do not care for Euclid?"

"Not a bit," she declared with more
spirit than he had seen her show before.

"Neither do I! I don't care a two-
pence for anything which somebody
has proven. It's the things which no
one has ever solved that are interesting
—the things that will probably remain
mysteries for ever and a day. I don't
want to take the shortest line between
two given points and call it A-B."

She made no reply. He continued,
lightly.

"Furthermore, I hate working upon
accepted standards—conventions—
I see things differently from many
people. They think my theories are
simply rot, and me a lunatic. Perhaps
I am. The question is which is right.
Am I or are they?"

The girl instead of laughing at this
half serious tirade drew a long breath
and turned full toward Dare. Some-
thing he had said had evidently
touched her deeply. They were lean-
ing over the starboard rail as far for-
ward as possible, and were quite alone.
Her peculiar green eyes glowed and the
pupils dilated and contracted very
noticeably.

"Your work—your especial line of
work—what is it, if I may ask?" she
questioned with ill concealed eagerness.

"Diseases of the mind," he answered
slowly, fighting back the impulse to
to tell a lie, and say diseases of the
throat, stomach or lungs. His psychic

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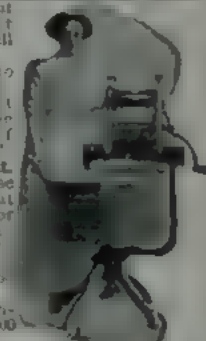
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sense being alert, something instinctive
warned him that unless he exercised
particular care he would frighten her
into a more impenetrable reserve by
the bogie of his professionalism.

"What do you mean by 'diseases of
the mind?'" she asked slowly, with
averted eyes.

Dare laughed a little in a reassuring
way.

"I was afraid you would ask me
that," he replied lightly, "and I don't
know the answer."

She sighed, and turned her gaze out
over the sea. Dare watched her
curiously. Would she return his lead?
He began to realize that there was
something abnormal in her—that here

lay her attraction. He speculated on it shrewdly.

If there were insanity in the family, constant dread of it would tend to produce such an outlook on life: if there were a grinning skeleton in her closet, she might reasonably expect revelation some time, and look forward to that hour with unalterable fear: if a death had robbed her of some one dearly beloved, he could partially understand her hopeless attitude; if she, like the little maid of Domremy, saw "visions" they might produce a form of melancholia somewhat resembling her mode of action and speech. But none of these theories seemed exactly to fit the case.

"You see," she said slowly, "you see, everything depends, as you said, so vitally upon the point of view. I might think you utterly mad, and you might hold the same opinion of me. You might have some inherent weakness of character which would cause my unchangeable contempt—I might impress you similarly. The world might be sordid and worthless to you, and you might be just that to the people you were despising. If I should be a spiritualist, for instance, and should see things and people invisible to you, if I should hear voices which never reached your ears, could you condemn me and say that my brain is diseased, or should I say that yours is? To me, you would be as undeveloped as I would be over-sensitive in your eyes!"

Ellis Dare looked at his companion curiously, and wondered how she could speak his burning convictions so dispassionately, even though a second before her eyes had glowed and she had been moved. The change was like the leaping of a hot flame.

When he rode forth upon his psychological Bucephalus, his powerful frame grew tense, his voice took on a deeper tone, he threw himself into his words. He had a sudden unreasonable impulse to take this cool, calm woman roughly in his arms and tear aside the veil which hid the thing that caused her to suffocate a kindling fire so quickly and effectually.

The doctor stifled an inclination to speak of himself and his convictions—to force his personality upon her. Instead, he clung to his original purpose, of trying to read Greta Greer from her own confession.

"What you say is undeniably true," he replied, at length, "but there is a standard set by convention governing social, moral and religious laws. The path is narrow upon which we erring mortals tread, a crime is a crime, we must be punished and our only hope for leniency lies with a clever lawyer in technicalities, or extenuating circumstances."

"Yes, I suppose you are right, but I often feel bitter and wish that I could mould things nearer to my heart's desire," so that we would not all be judged alike! Do you call the person who succumbs to a strong temptation"—she asked the question so impersonally as to make it almost uninteresting—"mentally diseased or simply evil?"

"Just how much diseased they are is what I am trying to learn."

"I wish I could learn too," said

Greta Greer tremulously and with so sudden a change from her self-contained reserved manner, that she reminded Dare of a grieving little girl.

Just at this moment they were interrupted for the purser approached and drew the doctor aside. He took the liberty of asking Dare to see what could be done toward saving a woman's life—one in the steerage, who had taken an overdose of morphine. With a hurried word of excuse Ellis followed the purser below, unable to efface the

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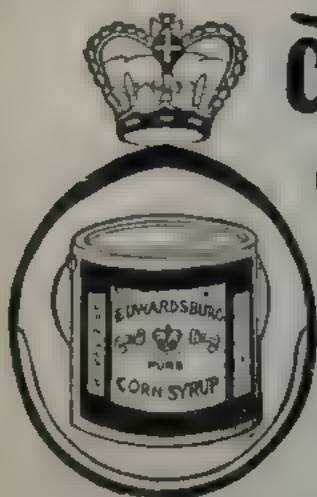
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picture of the woman he had just left or to rid himself of a protective tenderness toward her, which, under ordinary circumstances he would have transferred for the moment at least, to the patient in hand.

He was too late to do more than speak a few consoling words to the husband, a stolid Pole, who volunteered the information that "she" was in the habit of taking drugs and that he supposed "it" was an accident. Doubtless some one else could be found who would take care of the weeping children. He was not visibly affected.

As Dare stepped out on deck again, he was thrilled afresh at the remembrance of the appeal in Greta Greer's eyes when she had last spoken with him—he was so unprepared for it from her. Much to his surprise, he found the girl waiting for him.

"What was it?" she asked.

Briefly he gave her the facts, trying to suppress what he considered the touching details. She heard him quietly to the end, and shrugged her shoulders.

"The woman was a fool—it served her right," she commented shortly. "Good night."

With the word, she departed, leaving the doctor astonished and a little angry, but more than ever curious.

At eleven o'clock that night Dare was still puzzling over her swift, fierce change of manner in passing judgment upon the dead woman. He had spent a solitary evening in his cabin after she left him and was now unable to sleep; so, putting on a coat, he wandered out on deck once more. It was deserted except for one figure—a man—leaning lightly against the rail and whistling "The Visions of Salome" softly to himself.

"Hello, Dare!" he called as the doctor drew near. "I see you don't remember me—Cunningham, Billy Cunningham, class '06."

"Why, Cunningham, of course I remember you!" exclaimed the other, shaking hands. "I was so busy with my neighbor at dinner I had not time to look round much."

"Yes," Cunningham drawled, "I saw that you were engrossed."

Dare felt uncomfortable. He recognized that his companion's tone was a denial of his statement even the words affirmed it. There was something in Billy's manner other than banter, which, considering their years of separation, would have been exceedingly bad form. The doctor tried to change the subject.

"What are you doing here?" he asked.

"Crossing," answered the other laughing and opening his cigarette case.

Dare accepted the rebuff good

naturedly and murmured that he did not associate Billy with mysteries. Within himself he became suddenly and acutely conscious that this man's presence on board affected Greta Greer. It was one of his psychic revelations which was at the moment unaccountable, and the doctor accepted it as such.

"Who was the amiable old party with all the jewels?" asked Cunningham, as they lit their Melachrinos. "Her face is perfectly familiar but I can't just place her."

"A Mrs. Solomon Threckmeyer, so she says. Every one is supposed to know Sol—"

Cunningham whistled. Then he became so absorbed in his own thoughts that his companion felt it an intrusion to remain and moved a step or two toward the doorway.

"No, no, Dare, don't go!" called the younger man. "I really must beg your pardon, but the idea of old Sol's wife on board just at this time and with her tons of jewels—er—well it is certainly a rummy jest of the Old Boy's, isn't it?"

And before Dare had time to inquire into the nature of the jest, or the identity of the Old Boy, Billy continued.

"Have you noticed that odd creature aboard? A Miss Greer, I understand—cold, serpentine person?"

"Yes," answered Dare, denial in the light of Billy's tone but a moment past, being out of the question, "yes, I noticed her."

"Old passenger of the Captain's, crosses every year or so, always alone, must be wealthy." Billy told off these facts and suppositions with lawyer-like precision on his well kept fingers. "Always beastly unsociable, always disappears on the other side, whichever is the other, no maid. People like that interest me. Queer, isn't it?"

Dare looked seaward for a moment before answering. It pleased Cunningham to be enigmatical, and he thought it wise to humor him. The "being queer" might either apply to Greta Greer or to his interest in oddities, and while in a measure he could argue the point and show how many people as young as the girl pamper their caprices in just such a manner and prefer being unsociable, and dispense for a season with a maid and her tiresome love affairs, he felt the truth of Billy's statement with redoubled force—there was something queer at the bottom of it. He was annoyed at being unable to give a convincing explanation to Billy Cunningham. Finally he said.

"Who are her people?"

"Whose?" asked the other man, apparently wandering away after his own thoughts again.

"Why, Miss Greer's, of course."

"Oh-h-h! Why—er—same old par-

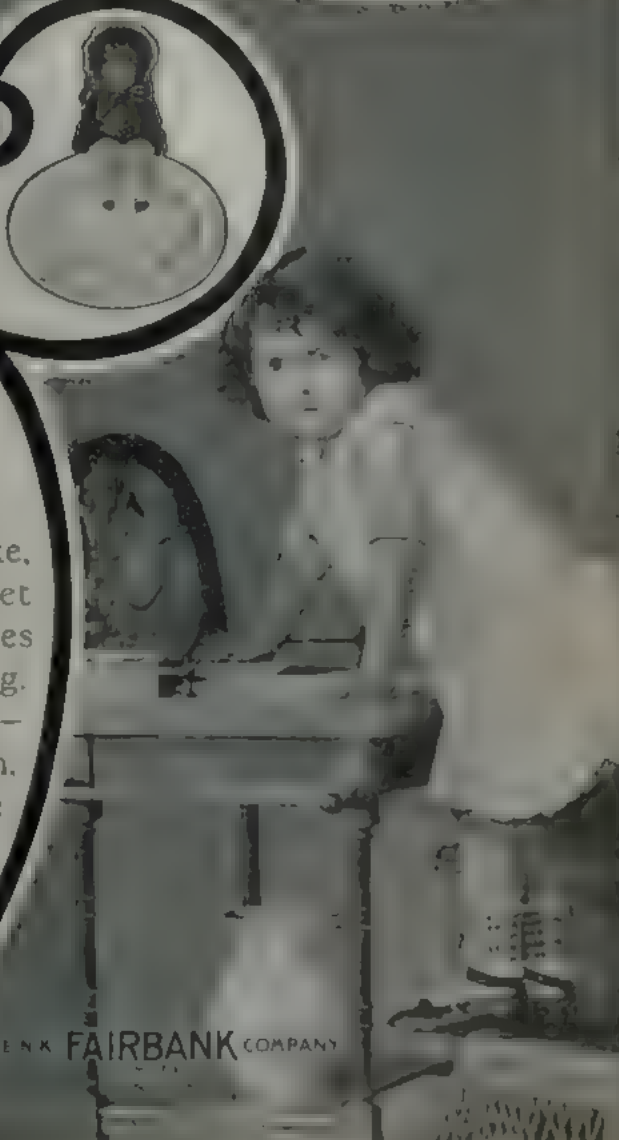
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ents, I suppose—Mr. and Mrs. Greer, though one never can be sure." Billy loved being flippant. "Look," he continued after a moment, "there is the little school teacher who is going over to Germany to acquire an accent. Carries a spirit lamp and launders her own clothes, I'll wager. She sits beside me and discourses learnedly upon someone's nebular theory. When I tried to lead her into more homelike channels, she asked me in that crushed, half-stifled timid voice of hers, why the waiter had brought me crumbs

instead of cheese. The crumbs happened to be a very choice bit of Roquefort. Would you like to meet her, old man?"

Dare muttered a polite refusal. "Too late," he said. "At this hour the little school ma'am isn't in search of

"Oh, well," sighed Billy, in a tone that was meant to indicate grief as he walked slowly across the deck himself. "I'm game for another discourse. Good night."

Dare was less sleepy and reposeful

called the good lady, unswathing a fat be-ringed hand as the steward paused before her with a cup of bouillon, "I never stay in bed, never! I would be really fat if I did!"

"You don't say so," murmured Dare politely, and hoping that his tone was sufficiently incredulous.

"True as beans," the other assured him. "It takes the thin ones to do the lolling. But speaking of thin ones—" She lowered her voice and heaved a bit closer to her companion—"The stewardess told me this morning—Why Mr. Cunningham, ain't it? My, how Sol would enjoy seeing you again! I can't forget the magnificent way you tracked that Italian who stole the linen off our tables! It was that brilliant! We often talk about it and you—Sol and I. He said to me only a week ago: 'Lucilla,' he says, 'if you ever get buncosed in New York, send for Billy Cunningham!'"

Dare looked with curiosity at the man. In daylight he appeared much older, and there were heavy lines of fatigue visible in his once chubby face. As Mrs. Threckmeyer introduced them, Dare spoke of it.

"Mr. Cunningham and I are old friends," he said. "Although oppressed by the dignity of being a senior when he was only a freshman, I managed to forget it many a time, and yell with enthusiasm at his many and varied feats of athletic prowess. You have never seen him at his best, Mrs. Threckmeyer, if you have not witnessed his high dives. But you look a bit fagged this morning, Billy—too much discourse?"

"Been up with the Marconi man all night," returned Billy carelessly. Then as if forestalling embarrassing questions he added,

"It's awful to be in love."

"Mrs. Threckmeyer turned impulsively to him.

"Why it's perfectly grand!" she said, "Grand! Sol will be delighted when he hears, honestly. I know you can count on him for at least one hundred shares in the 'New Lucilla.' Is she dark or fair? You know it makes such a lot of difference which kind of jewelry to give. Brunettes as a rule have no business wearing the stones most becoming to blondes. I know," she went on with candor, "for I have been both."

The men laughed.

"But listen!" Mrs. Threckmeyer was not to be balked in the telling of a bit of gossip! "The stewardess was telling me this morning that Miss Greer—" she stopped in order to be impressive, "—is asleep yet! She won't let her in nor the steward either—she won't have breakfast, nor anything! Now isn't that scandalous, Mr. Cunningham, for a girl like that?"



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Billy agreed that it was scandalous, and Dare who was watching him closely saw, or thought he saw, a hint of satisfaction pass over his face.

"Perhaps," he suggested, "she wishes her own maid to attend her solely. Many ladies who are not very good sailors prefer a person to whom they are accustomed!"

"But she didn't bring a maid! She wouldn't even be hooked up last night by the stewardess, and the captain himself has given orders that no one is to disturb her!" The baffled misery

of Mrs. Threckmeyer would have made anyone else laugh, but Dare was unconsciously jarred by this gossip; he was annoyed, even angered, that Mrs. Threckmeyer should have repeated it before Cunningham, who was obviously pumping her, and the doctor half formed a resolution to complain to the captain about the stewardess' indiscreet tongue.

They put their bouillon cups on a tray and were silent as a great wave carried the ship high on its crest. The smooth, satin-greenness of the slope



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they must sink into looked to Dare like a monstrous strip of Greta Greer's gown. Down went the ship, easily, without lurching, but with bird-like swiftness; she quivered a second as though poising for another, a greater flight, then began slowly to rise.

The three looked at each other apprehensively. Even gossip is of secondary importance compared to the heaving of one's vitals.

"I really did not need that bouillon," gasped Mrs. Threckmeyer, trying to disengage her pudgy little feet from their wrappings. She looked helplessly around for her maid. "Has anybody here seen—"

"Kelly?" asked Cunningham, relapsing again into slippancy.

"Did some one call me?" asked a voice suddenly from behind them.

It was the little "school marm", and Billy rose, bowing.

"Your name was upon my lips at the moment, my dear Miss Kelly, I confess; but that you would answer so promptly to my call, was beyond my wildest, maddest hopes. I would like you to know a great friend of mine—Mrs. Threckmeyer, and I shall do Dr Dare the honor of presenting him to you, though I warn you not to waste your time on him. Positively, he doesn't know a constellation from a pachyderm, and I doubt that he has even heard of the twelve signs of the Zodiac."

The girl, a pale, under-fed looking creature of unguessable age, stood uncomfortably erect, listening to Billy. Her eyes, slightly protruding and very black, appeared never to remain fixed on any object. They "wiggled" as Billy afterward pointed out to Mrs. Threckmeyer; and gave him a hungry desire to wave a red handkerchief at her and shout—"Here I am; stick to me!"

"Sit down, Miss Kelly, do! I was just going below but we seem a trifle more steady now. That's it, Dr Dare—out of the wind—now, let me have my plaid rug. I never could abide plaids, though I believe some of my ancestors were Scotch. I am not very good on trees."

"You evidently refute Darwin's theory then," suggested Billy, winking at Dare when no one was looking.

Miss Kelly turned to him soberly. "She means family trees, you know," she remarked in an explanatory manner.

Cunningham narrowly escaped a start of surprise. The girl was not so dead as she looked. Dare smiled a little, but Mrs. Threckmeyer was unaffected. She addressed Miss Kelly.

"You are a school teacher, are you?"

"I teach, yes!" the girl answered with just a shade of hesitation.

"What branches?"

"Mineralogy, mostly." Miss Kelly's



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eyes smiled though her pale little lips were serious.

Billy Cunningham was indignant.

"But you told me last night that stars were your specialty. I had a lovely mental picture of you, gazing hungrily through a telescope and muttering complex figures to yourself all through a silent, cloudless night. I even endowed you with a brother who fiddled like dear old William, and you were his Caroline. Is your name by any chance Caroline?" He asked the question as though his hope of salvation depended upon an answer.

"My name is Maggie!"

Miss Kelly gave Dare the impression of one who looked exceedingly well before leaping. He did not like her. "Speaking of stars," Cunningham continued.

"Oh, bless the thing, it flew right in her face!" Mrs. Threckmeyer exclaimed, bending forward to catch a newspaper which had blown away from some one and had completely enveloped Miss Kelly's head.

Just why the paper was not rolled into a ball and tossed away, can't be explained, though Dare tried to find a reason for it afterward. Instead, it was smoothed out, partly by Cunningham and partly by Mrs. Threckmeyer, until the glaring headlines of the sensational robbery stared all four persons in the face. No one spoke.

The fat hand shook as it traced the lines and the woman unversed in the art of self control caught her breath excitedly every now and then, and made constant exclamations.

Looking from her to Miss Kelly gave the doctor keen pleasure—he began to dissect again, and ask himself why? Mrs. Threckmeyer was genuinely frightened. She made but little effort to conceal something akin to horror. Miss Kelly was very white and her eyes glowed like coals burning from within. She belonged evidently to the school of repression but to Dare, trained in the art of reading externals, her fright was also apparent, though well under control. She was the first to break the silence.

"Quite a loss, wasn't it?" she said, looking with curiosity at the other woman.

Turning to Cunningham, Mrs. Threckmeyer ignored the question.

"Do you know anything about it?" she asked him, hoarsely.

Even Billy showed some surprise at the woman's manner; she was almost as much overwrought as though her own jewels had been stolen.

"Not I!" he answered lightly, in a tone which Dare recognized as one of annoyance.

For some reason not hard to guess, he evidently did not want any reference made to his former success in tracing the "Italian," nor did he care to be associated with the present crime. It was perfectly clear to Dare that his old college mate was connected with the Beaufort robbery in the capacity of detective and that Billy wished no one to be acquainted with the fact. This secretiveness and evasion with the doctor made it probable that Cunningham had reason to believe himself on the track of the criminal who was possibly on board their ship. In such an event, a detective would trust his suspicions to none save in a case of necessity.

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The juice of the grape, that great blood-maker, not only contains grape sugar, (composed of Malic, Tartaric and Citric Acids) the best carbohydrates because of its being predigested, but it also contains salts of potassium, sodium chlorate, sodium phosphate, magnesium phosphate and calcium phosphate, all these are absolutely essential to the well-being of the body, as they supply gastric juice, and constantly replenish the nervous system. **Wilson's Invalids' Port** not only maintains nutrition at the proper standard, but its blood-creating, strength-imparting and regenerative properties are unexcelled, it is enjoyed when other medicines disagree and retained when all others are rejected.

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ATHLETE BUILDER
COUGHS, COLDS
NERVOUS DEBILITY, SLEEPLESSNESS
STOMACH TROUBLES, DYSPEPSIA
BRAIN-WORRY, NEURASTHENIA
WEAKNESS, RUN DOWN, ANAEMIA
WEAK LUNGS, TUBERCULOSIS
URIC ACID, RHEUMATISM, GOUT

ASK YOUR DOCTOR
BIG BOTTLE ALL DRUGGISTS

The paper had pointed to the disappearance of one of Mrs. Beaufort's guests. Suppositions, of course, but following up that thread—Mrs. Threckmeyer had hardly been a guest, and Miss Kelly had surely not figured in that capacity, so why should the account interest them in so personal a manner?

There was another name which occurred to Dare and which he tried to thrust aside; whose appeal to him had argued the unusual, whose owner held

for him some striking attraction. If it were that of criminal, the doctor felt he must find the motive for her crime, for to associate her with ordinary vulgar greed was to subject her to a preposterous indignity and insult.

Coming back to the present, Dare looked again at the group. Miss Kelly seemed to give Cunningham her first serious attention. Though covertly done, Dare saw it, while Billy, who was engaged in reading the sensational story, did not. Her queer black eyes

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wavered more uncertainly than ever, and except for perfect composure of the body, they would have impelled the observer to believe that Maggie Kelly was "given over to nerves."

Mrs. Threckmeyer was still sucking in uneven breaths punctuated now and then with an exclamation. Suddenly she looked up with a cry of indignation.

"Why, look here," she burst out, "the paper says we are liable to be searched when we get to the other side! Ain't that awful?" she queried, regardless of English. "I never have been searched—I *always* declare the full value of my stuff, and I am not going to be held as the suspect of a robbery case! No, air, I never *have* been searched and I'm not going to be now. Have you?" she asked suddenly turning to the girl. Miss Kelly changed color ever so slightly, feeling the three pairs of eyes focused upon her.

"No," she said slowly, as though rehearsing her part inwardly, "No,—but of course—I shouldn't mind," she added with what seemed to Dare like inconsistent recklessness.

"Well, you may if you like, but I tell you—"

Cunningham interrupted.

"Calm yourself, my dear lady," he smiled a little as he spoke, "I fancy there will be little need of searching, for in all probability the real transgressor will be discovered long before the other side is reached."

These words were lightly spoken, yet there was a note of assurance and finality in them which gripped Dare's attention and apprehension. Had he already made sure of his game?

CHAPTER V.

Impressions were to Ellis Dare so vivid, so reliable, that he invariably acted upon them; he always arrived at things psychically, without the tedious necessity of reasoning. He now decided to work upon the hypothesis that his friend was employed on the Beaufort case and that he suspected Greta Greer. Dare himself, was in no position to accuse or exonerate anyone; he could only deny Cunningham's charge in a mental way because he instinctively felt the girl innocent. That Mrs. Threckmeyer at least knew something of the crime he was also sure of, but that was hardly a sufficient basis upon which to hang his faith in Greta Greer's innocence.

Of course, there was no absolute certainty so far as he knew that the thief had taken a European liner—in fact it was very possible that she (the opinion of every one working on the case was unanimous in agreeing upon a woman) was still in New York. It was going to be a difficult matter to dispose of the Beaufort jewels, requiring much skillful altering of settings

and stones before trusting them for sale. Even then detection was certain. The police were waiting until necessity forced an offering of the gems. In the meantime if the sleuths were successful—Dare shuddered as he imagined gem after gem being ferreted out of somebody's trunk—Mrs. Beaufort would recover most of her valuables intact.

The old fascination gripped him—crime and criminal, but in a slightly different way. He wanted to discover the very heart of the mystery, to sift every bit of cunning and misdirected cleverness through a filter and try to discover a convincing reason—a motive for the crime; he wanted to prove just how far the act was criminal and how far it was a "disease of the brain"—in other words how great was the strength of resistance as compared with lure of temptation. This in itself would be an absorbing pursuit, but added to it, if the transgressor were Greta Greer, he wanted to shield and protect her, so that he might stand between her and a rigorously censorious world.

For five minutes he forced himself to imagine the girl kneeling before the safe, twisting that baffling metal ball with her long slender fingers. He tried to see her furtive looks and stealthy, feline movements as she swiftly stowed away the treasure and then, with reckless haste and abandon, left the house. He tried to project himself mentally into her stateroom, at the present time, where she was lying a prey to ghastly fear lest even the stewardess should grow suspicious and discover her crime.

Many a time he had drawn a confession from a man by reason of his marvellous intuitive power, describing minutely to the person the very crime he had taken ineffable pains to hide. This was done by the simple method of putting himself in the criminal's place, and the doctor hoped to do the same with Greta Greer.

Then there was the captain! He knew her well, he was more than politely interested in the girl if he gave orders for the stewardess not to disturb her. Certainly a most unusual proceeding. What did he know of the affair? And again his thoughts came back to Mrs. Threckmeyer—why should she have taken the story so much to heart, or for that matter, what should have caused Miss Kelly's eyes to glow when she too saw the paper for the first time?

It would seem wise to cultivate these ladies.

Miss Greer was not at lunch, nor was Mrs. Threckmeyer. Dare and the two amorous men had the table to themselves. Conversation lagged until Judson remarked:—

Examine your skin closely

See if the pores have become large and clogged; if it has lost its smoothness; if it has grown colorless.

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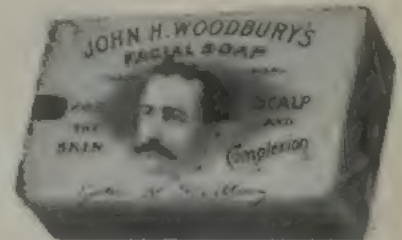
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"I miss the Iceberg, don't you, Hob? The heat grows oppressive in here."

The other man laughed appreciatively.

"Right you are, my boy! Going to try the melting process again this trip?"

"Won't be possible if she sticks to her stateroom so close, will it?"

Dare listened in astonishment while carefully studying his plate. These men actually knew her also! He remembered their looks of surprise on the previous evening when she had entered the room, and while it sur-

prised him that they should even have a speaking acquaintance with Greta Greer, he immediately disassociated them with everything pertaining to the robbery. They had probably not seen the papers. Still, it was advisable to find out all they had to say, so swallowing his distaste for both their society and their vulgar gossip, Dare interrupted:

"Speaking of my neighbor here?" he asked, indicating Mrs. Threckmeyer's place.

The two roared with laughter.

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"Lord no!" they answered in chorus, "we meant the lady at the captain's table, Miss Greer. Didn't you notice her last night?"

"Oh yes," Dare wondered if his voice matched the indifference of his shrug. "Tall, pale, dressed in green."

"You've got it," Hobson said, helping himself to an olive. "I was nearly bowled over when she walked in, because she wasn't booked the day before, was she Jud?"

Jud asserted that she was not. "Must have made up her mind terribly sudden, though that's like her too, ain't it, Jud?"

"Have you known her long?" asked Dare, hating himself.

Again the other men gave themselves up to abandoned merriment.

"Hob, there, he knows her real well, don't you, boy?"

To be continued.

Il Grillo

By T. A. Daly.

YOU like to go to Italy.

You weesh for veesit Roma?

All right, you com' an' seet weeth me

To-night w'en I am homa.

Dough mebbe so da weentra storm

Outsi' ees neevva quiet,

Da keetchen fire weell be warm

While we are settlin' by it;

An' eef so be you close your eyes

You easy can pretanda

You are beneath da sunny skies

Dat smile upon my landa.

An' pretta soon, so sweet, so clear,

W'en evratheeng ees still, O!

W'at pretta song ees dees you hear?

Il grillo, O! il grillo!

Ha! neevva mind da snow,

An' how da weend ees blow:

"Hoo-woo! hoo-woo! hoo-wee!"

For here eet's warm, an' O!

Il grillo seenga so:

"Cher-ree! cher-ree! cher-ree!"

How com's he to dees colda clime

To seeng so far from homa?

I catch heem manny, manny time

W'en I am boy een Roma.

I catch heem een da fields an' tak'

Heem back eento da ceety,

Where reecha people try to mak'

Deir gardens fine an' pritty.

Dey are so glad for hear heem seeng

Dey no can gat too manny,

An' so for evra wan I breeng

Dey geeva me a penny.

Dough here hees song ees justa same,

Hees name I no can speak it—

Eh? w'at you call hees Anglaice name?

Ah! "creecket," yes, "da creecket."

'Sh! neevva mind da snow

An' how da weend ees blow:

"Hoo-woo! hoo-woo! hoo-wee!"

For here eet's warm, an' O!

Il grillo seenga so:

"Cher-ree! cher-ree! cher-ree!"

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